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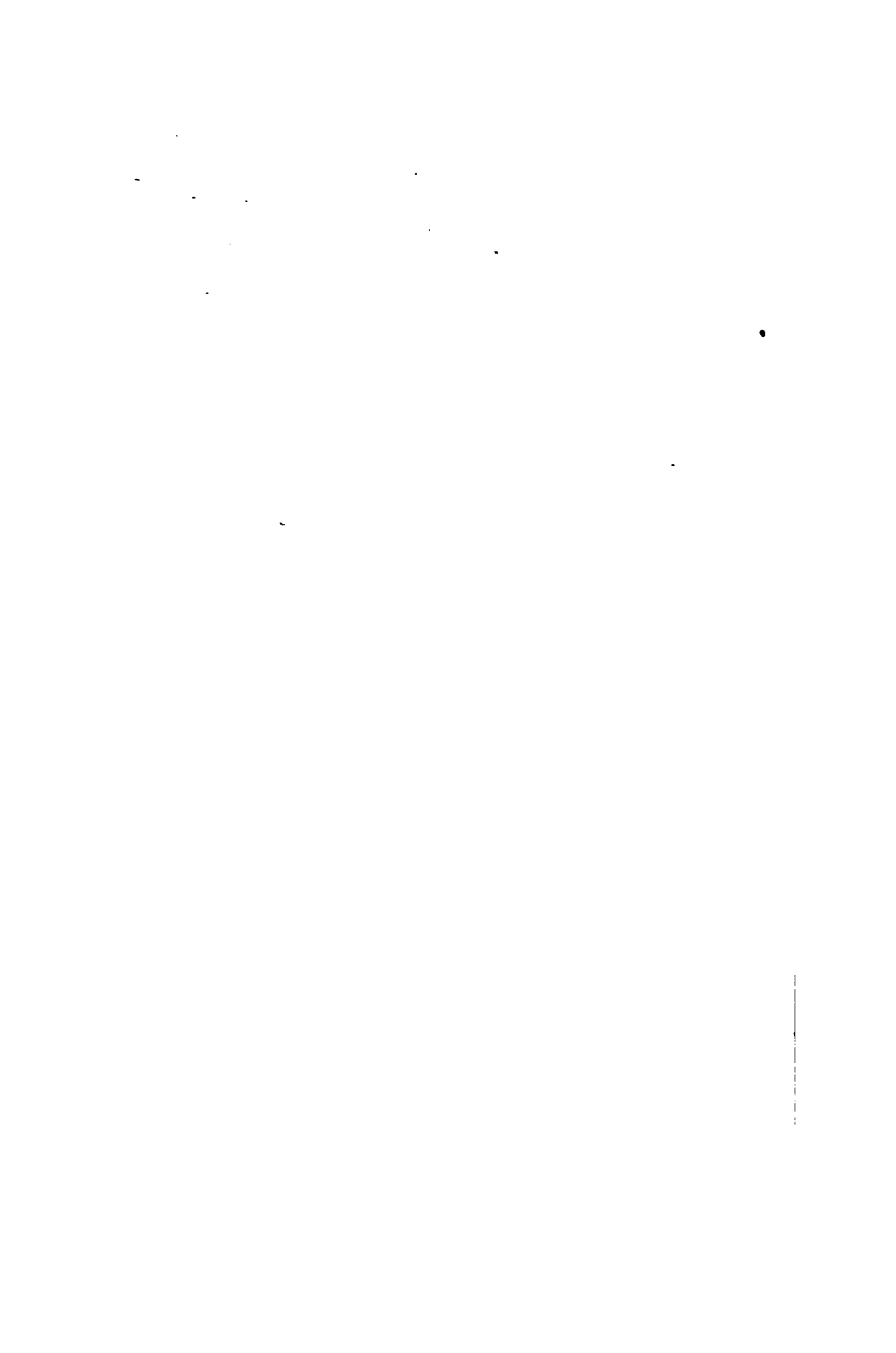
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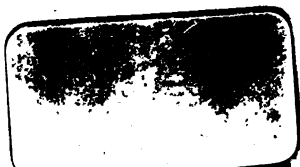
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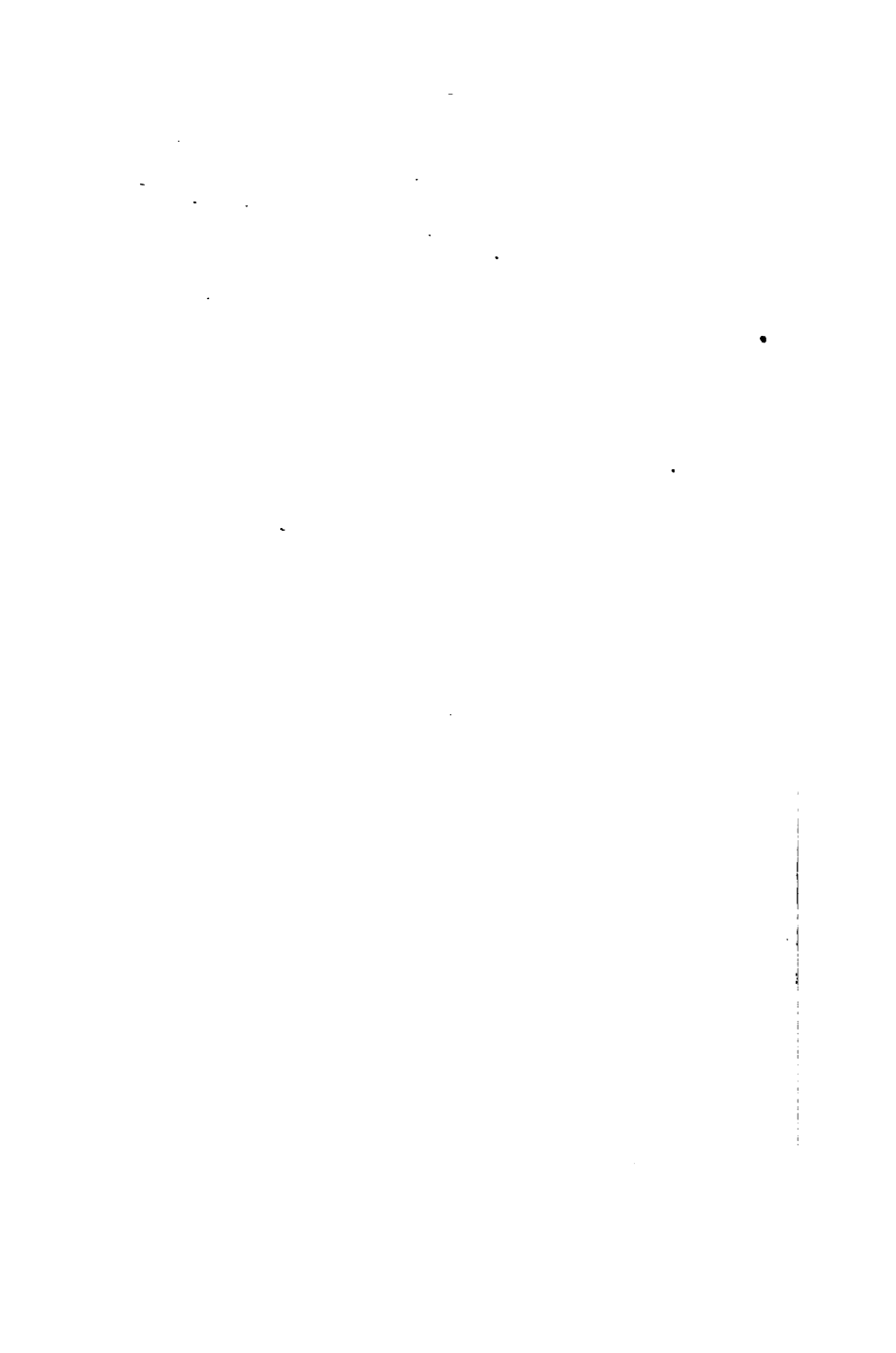






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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text notes that without reliable records, it is difficult to track progress, identify issues, and make informed decisions.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather qualitative information, as well as statistical software and data visualization techniques for quantitative analysis. The importance of ensuring the reliability and validity of the data is stressed throughout this section.

3. The third part of the document describes the process of interpreting the results of the data analysis. It highlights the need to consider the context of the data and to be cautious about drawing conclusions based solely on the numbers. The text suggests that a combination of qualitative and quantitative insights can provide a more comprehensive understanding of the situation.

4. The final part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and the next steps for the project. It suggests that the results should be used to inform decision-making and to guide the implementation of any recommended actions. The document concludes by emphasizing the importance of ongoing monitoring and evaluation to ensure that the project remains on track and achieves its intended goals.



TO THE HONORABLE

THE

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WASHINGTON

103. a. 243.



OUR TRIP TO EGYPT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE BETTER WAY," "MABEL GRANT," ETC. ETC.

LONDON:
THOMAS NELSON & SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

M.DCCC.LIX.

203. d. 243.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,

PAUL'S WORK.



PREFACE.

THE following pages, written during a short residence in Grand Cairo, are offered to the public, in the hope that what caused so much interest to the writer may afford some little pleasure to the reader.

August 1859.



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CHAPTER I.

THE TRAVELLERS.

It was a fine bright morning in the beginning of January. A carriage stood before one of the large hotels in Paris, ready to start for the railway station. Trunks of every size and carpet-bags of various hues were piled outside, while the interior was occupied by four individuals, whose attire gave token of a long journey being in prospect. In one corner sat a tall thin man, somewhat past the prime of life, whose person was enveloped in a large cloak lined with fur. A fur cap was drawn over his forehead, and a pair of languid eyes looked out from beneath their bushy eyebrows.

Beside him sat a widow lady who might be three or four years his senior, her countenance radiant with

benevolence, and her hands filled with sous, which she was scattering among a group of little ragged children, who had come scampering down a side street to witness the departure of the carriage.

Opposite sat a bright-looking boy of twelve, evidently too full of fun and mischief to be able to sit quiet for more than a minute at a time, and whose sudden sallies of glee were watched with a degree of dread by his companion, a small timid-looking individual in spectacles, whose expression changed from alarm to good-humoured amusement, and back again to fear, in exact proportion to the erratic movements of her young friend.

“Look, papa, at that young scamp; he has knocked down a little boy beside him, and taken the sou out of his hand. If I could only get at him!”

Suiting the action to the word, the boy sprang past his friend of the spectacles, and made a rush at the carriage-door, which instantly opened; and the next moment he would have been out headlong, but for the presence of mind of the two ladies, who seized upon him with such energy, that he was drawn back as fast as he had bounded forwards, and replanted on his seat with a vigour that calmed him for the moment by nearly taking away his breath.

"I really wish you would sit quiet, Percy," said the gentleman, frowning on the lad, and holding up his cane in a threatening manner.

"That boy will be the death of me some day," ejaculated the widow lady, wiping with her handkerchief the drops of perspiration which had started to her forehead as she in imagination beheld the darling of her heart precipitated senseless on the pavement before her. Miss Tyrrwhitt said nothing, but drew herself into the smallest possible compass, and took off her spectacles. Probably she thought the less she saw the better.

"But, aunt," exclaimed Percy, apologetically, "don't you think it very shabby in a big boy to attack a little one?"

Before Mrs Nichol had time to reply, a man-servant of solemn demeanour came to the carriage-window, and, touching his hat, said, "Please, sir, the things are all on, and we're ready to start." "Good," replied his master. "Tell the coachman to drive to the Chemin de fer du Midi, and bid him go fast, Thomas; we have no time to lose."

The solemn countenance disappeared, and the coachman's whip was heard, when a sudden scream struck upon their ears, and the next moment a brisk

maid flew out from the hotel, calling out, "Stop, Thomas, stop ; you've forgotten me !"

The solemn face reappeared, looking very red and guilty ; and, muttering an inaudible excuse, Thomas assisted the girl to her place in the rumble behind.

"That girl is always too late ; she will be left behind some fine day," said Mr Gordon, for such was the gentleman's name.

"I hope not, poor thing," said the lady ; "she can't speak two words of French, at least, not such as any human being can understand."

"I heard her," said Percy, "calling to the waiter last night, *Garcy, porter me the o shod.*" A laugh from the corner where Miss Tyrwhitt was ensconced was the only reply to this remark, and the carriage drove off.

While Mr Gordon is securing tickets for Marseilles, Thomas seeing to the luggage, and Percy by his pranks frightening the railway porters out of their senses, ordinary and extraordinary, we ought, according to the most approved fashion, to proceed to give a description of the moral and mental qualities, the intellectual capabilities and personal appearance of our travellers, but we are by no means inclined for such an undertaking.

In the first place, were we to describe Mr Gordon as a clever man (which he undoubtedly was), our readers would be on the constant watch for clever remarks and intellectual speeches; and when, instead of this, they hear him talking very much like other people, saying how cold the weather is, and how unpleasant the taste of French bread, they will turn on the poor author and say, "Is *this* your clever man? Why, any one might make remarks like these!"

Then, were we inadvertently to tell the reader that a more benevolent or kind-hearted being than Mr Gordon's sister has seldom left the shores of Albion to tread a foreign soil, what will be thought of our accuracy as a chronicler, or of the consistency of our friend Mrs Nichol, when they hear her, a few hours after sailing, wish that herself and the ship's crew—consisting, probably, of eighty or ninety souls—were all at the bottom of the sea? A nice benevolent wish, truly! As to Percy, his character, being that of a great many of his kind, may safely be given—a regular boy, replete with fun and mischief, longing for a storm at sea and an earthquake on land; full of kind feelings, good intentions, and oblique carryings out of the same.

With regard to Miss Tyrrwhitt, we may describe

her with impunity, for the dear, good creature has no consistency about her ; at least, so say her friends, some of whom accuse her of being too grave ; others, of being too foolishly merry ; one wishes she were not so very clever, another would be glad if she possessed a single grain of common sense,—therefore, whatever her conduct, thoughts, or opinions may turn out to be, the *public*, knowing beforehand that she is an inconsistent character, cannot by any possibility find fault with us ; and *private* friends cannot feel offended, for Miss Tyrrwhitt has not a relative on earth save one, and that one has, it is rumoured, written a book, which fact will prevent his manifesting severity in criticising the work of a brother in adversity.

Miss Tyrrwhitt, then, was a lady of a certain age, than which no age can be more uncertain, for it has a range of, at least, fifteen years for the guessing powers to roam in. Some *very* young misses, flippant withal, maintained that Miss Tyrrwhitt was quite an old thing—twenty-eight or nine they were very sure. Sedate ladies of forty said she was still young, certainly not more than thirty-five—thirty-six at most. As for Miss Tyrrwhitt herself, when referred to about the important fact, she said she really was not sure ;

she thought she had been born about the time of the battle of Waterloo ; but when reminded that that little encounter took place in the year 1815, she said, Oh dear, then she had made a mistake ; she believed her star had arisen just as Lord Byron's had set. This, she was told, was in '25, which did not suit either ; so, after vain attempts to reckon up her age by a process of mental arithmetic peculiar to herself, she gave it up in despair, and remained what we have already seen—a person of a certain, *alias* an uncertain age.

In person, Miss Tyrrwhitt was very little and very thin. A mass of raven locks adorned her head, and her eyes were large, black, and elfish-looking. Yet they were full of gentle feeling, and at times kindled with enthusiasm ; for, in spite of her age and her spectacles, our friend was romantic. As to her character, should that come out in the course of the story, our readers will be able to judge of it for themselves ; if not, it will be evident that she has none ; and what does not exist cannot be described.

Having made these remarks, we proceed with our narrative.

The journey to Marseilles was performed as railway journeys usually are—a little easy reading, an

occasional doze, a descent into the provision-basket, a glance or two at the cities, villages, and nameless tracts of country which one skims over on iron wing. Poetry took her departure on the day that the Genius of Iron spread his net-work over the earth.

On arriving at Marseilles, the first thing Miss Tyrrwhitt did was to turn an anxious, troubled glance towards the sea.

"I hope it is rough," exclaimed Percy, clapping his hands, "waves mountain high! eh, Miss Tyrrwhitt?"

Miss Tyrrwhitt did not condescend to reply, but kept looking out for the first view of the sea; and oh, delightful sight! it was calm as an infant's slumbers; so her heart was at rest and thankful. The only mishap that befell our party before sailing was the mysterious disappearance of Miss Tyrrwhitt's trunk. This caused no astonishment, whatever annoyance it might be productive of; for whatever part of the globe this lady happened to be in, her trunk was sure to go astray. Thomas at length found it in the act of being carried off by a porter to a ship bound for the Cape of Good Hope, and after a deal of trouble succeeded in capturing it, and stowing it away among the rest of the luggage in the hold of

the *Vixen*, bound, along with our travellers, for Alexandria.

Thomas (we may as well remark, in passing, that one-half of the British footmen are named John, the other half Thomas) was a native of Scotland, and had all the caution, prudence, and *canniness* usually ascribed to that worthy nation. If Thomas had a fault, (and who has not ?) it was his taking too sad a view of life in general, and of a traveller's life in particular. He had shaken his head when his master announced his intention of going to Egypt for the benefit of his health ; hoped it would do his cough good ; but, at the same time, greatly feared little but evil could come of going among heathens and savages. It seemed, too, a grievous tempting of Providence to go to sea at such a time of the year. Throughout the journey, Thomas's views had become more and more solemn. Had he been a Roman Catholic, he would have crossed himself unceasingly, on hearing that strange gibberish all the people in France were speaking ; " And it didna sound canny," he said, " to hear little bits o' bairns, no higher than the table, giving utterance to such uncouth words." But Thomas was no Roman Catholic ; he was a stanch Presbyterian, and invariably looked for the hoof, or

some such badge of his descent, when a black-clad priest or shaven monk crossed him in his walks. Mr Gordon, however, had set his mind on travelling; and though they should meet with tigers at every step, priests in every town, and crocodiles in every river, Thomas had made up his mind, solemnly and determinedly, to follow him to the world's end.

Jessie, Mrs Nichol's maid, viewed things in a much brighter light. She was a merry lass, from London, a true Cockney, scorning to sound her *h*'s, and putting an *r* at the end of every word which terminated in a vowel. She enjoyed France exceedingly, began to talk the language at once, asked for frogs for dinner, and was in an ecstasy when their berths were fairly taken in the ship that was to convey them to the mysterious land of Egypt.

The evening before starting, Percy suggested that, the sea being so calm to-day, it was sure to be exceedingly rough on the morrow; but when the morrow dawned, the same quiet, mirror-like ocean was presented, and with hopeful minds our travellers stepped on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's vessel the *Vixen*, commanded by Captain George, and were soon gliding gently over the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

HAVE you ever been at sea, dear reader? Do you know the pleasure of skimming over the waves, with a blue sky above, and an untroubled expanse of waters around, the white sails glistening in the sun, and the light zephyrs fanning your cheeks as you stand gazing on the glorious sight, and think of Him who made all these things? "The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands prepared the dry land." Some persons go to sea with no thought of God in their minds; others see there "the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Of this latter class were Mrs Nichol and her friend, who stood on the deck of the *Vixen*, viewing the fair scene before them, and talking pleasantly of Him whose loving eye had hitherto watched over them, and whose care had brought them thus far on their way in peace. They

were presently joined by Mr Gordon, who came up, accompanied by two strangers.

"Miss Tyrrwhitt," he said, "here are two Germans who are in trouble, not being able to speak English ; so I have brought them to you."

Miss Tyrrwhitt, who had spent a year or two in Germany, immediately addressed them, and it was pleasant to see the brightening of their countenances when spoken to in their own tongue.

"We are going to India," said the elder of the two ; "it is a far distant land."

"Yes, and a dark land too," replied Miss Tyrrwhitt. "I hope you are carrying the Word of God along with you ?"

With a bright smile of pleasure the stranger replied—

"Yes ; we are going out as missionaries, sent from the seminary at Bâle."

This was introduction enough, and Miss Tyrrwhitt and the two missionaries were soon engaged in congenial discourse.

In the course of the day, Captain George brought a guitar from his cabin, and entertained the party with music. He sang and played with taste ; and Miss Tyrrwhitt, who, as we have already said, had a

touch of romance in her composition, sat listening with delight, repeating to herself the words of the great poet—

“Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music creep in our ears ;
Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony.”

Before retiring to rest, the missionaries, along with such of the party as were able, sang German hymns. The simple psalm-tunes sounded sweetly over the waters ; and when at length the wearied heads were laid on their pillows, the praises of God seemed still to sound in their ears, and Miss Tyrrwhitt fell asleep to dream that she was singing again the refrain of the hymn—

“Die Heimath der Seele ist droben, im Licht.” *

The next morning was fine, and the vessel made good way ; but, in the course of the afternoon, the blue of the sky had given place to grey, and the sea seemed to be heaving with some hidden emotion. Miss Tyrrwhitt viewed these tokens of a coming change with trepidation. All at once the vessel gave a tremendous roll, and close at her ear was a merry

* “The home of the soul is above, in light.”

voice, exclaiming—"Oh, Miss Tyrrwhitt, I do declare, we're going to have a storm; what fun!"

"You dreadful boy!" she ejaculated, becoming pale; "don't joke about a storm—little do you know what it is."

Percy made a somersault along the deck, and then ran off to watch the sailors, who now began to lower a sail—the wind was shifting towards an unfavourable quarter. About an hour after, the bell rang for tea, and Mrs Nichol came on deck to look after her friend.

"What is the matter with you, Kate, my dear?" she asked, as she saw her companion's face change colour.

"I don't feel altogether well," said Kate, ruefully.

Just then the ship gave another lunge, and, with a hastily uttered "Good afternoon, Mrs Nichol; I am off to bed," Miss Tyrrwhitt disappeared; and this was the last of her for that trip. Very soon, Mrs Nichol, one of the missionaries, and two or three of the passengers who had never been to sea before, disappeared also; but the rest of the party only laughed—said it was the finest passage they had ever made, and little sympathy was bestowed on the unfortunate sick ones. On the sick list was poor Jessie, whose delight in

the novelty of being at sea was very soon at an end. A few hours before they sighted Malta, she managed to creep to the cabin, where Miss Tyrrwhitt lay moaning grievously.

"Oh, miss!" she said, "to think of it coming to this! Why, I'd rather ride three weeks in a homnibus, or a diligence, than come to sea again!"

Miss Tyrrwhitt groaned.

"And there's missus—you know, miss, how good and kind she is—there is she wishing we were all at the bottom of the sea; it's quite dreadful, miss."

"It is, indeed, Jessie," replied the prostrate lady; "but it will soon be over."

"Will it, miss? Oh, if the captain would only stop the ship for half-an-hour! Do you think I might go up and ask him, miss? He's a very civil gentleman."

Another plunge of the vessel incapacitated Miss Tyrrwhitt from making any reply, and sent Jessie off to her cabin. On her way thither, she encountered Thomas, whose face was longer and more solemn than she had ever remembered to have seen it before.

"You don't look very bright, Jessie, lass," he said; "don't you wish you were in Old England again?"

Jessie fairly began to cry.

"Oh, Thomas!" she sobbed out, "we will all be drowned—missus and all of us. I'll never see England more. Listen—what dreadful sounds! The ship's turning right over, Thomas," and she convulsively grasped the edge of a sofa to keep her from falling.

"Cheer up, Jessie," said Thomas, trying to look a little less dismal; "I hope things are not just come to that yet. It is a long lane that has no turning."

Thomas dealt much in proverbs. To his mind they contained the wisdom of ages in small space—a kind of pithy *multum in parvo*, which suited the character of his mind.

"It is a long lane that has no turning," he repeated, and was proceeding to illustrate the truth of the assertion, when his master's voice was heard calling him; and, in a moment, he was off, leaving Jessie to her own cogitations.

"I wish Thomas wouldn't look so solemn, and say such disheartening things," soliloquised Jessie. "It's a long lane, and has no turning! then we'll never get to the end of it; oh, dear, to think of it coming to this!"

In the midst of her sorrowful musings, Jessie fell into a troubled sleep on the sofa, and dreamt she was

in her little home in London. Her mother sat at work by the window, and the China-rose-bush, Jessie's parting gift, bloomed in a pot on the window-seat, while the cat purred before the fire. Suddenly she saw the work fall from her mother's hand, and she began to roll about on her chair in a most extraordinary fashion. The China-rose slid from the sill, and pussy turned over on the rug, mewing piteously. "Jessie, Jessie," said a voice in her ear. Jessie started, opened her eyes, and saw Percy standing beside her, laughing heartily.

"Why, Jessie!" he exclaimed, "aunt is calling for you, and there are you crying in your sleep!"

"No wonder, Master Percy," she said, rising, "when one's very pussy cat feels the 'fects of my being at sea."

Percy ran off, and, as he passed the door of Miss Tyrrwhitt's cabin, he popped in his head, advanced gently, and poured a liberal supply of eau-de-cologne on her forehead. His kindly intention was to refresh her—for Percy and Kate were great friends; but, forgetting her eyes were wide open, and that, consequently, the liquid went right into them, he wondered when he saw her start up, and cry out in torture at the infliction. She thanked him, however, for his

thoughtful attention ; asked whereabouts they now were ; if Malta were in sight, &c. ;—and then the boy ran off, singing gleefully—

“A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.”

Early the next morning the beautiful spires of Malta were visible, and, with renovated courage, our friends went on deck to see St Paul's Bay, and to watch for a nearer view of the island where the great apostle had been shipwrecked, and where the barbarians shewed him “no little kindness.”

Jessie got her wish, at last ; for the vessel fairly stopped, and, with real joy, she sprung after her mistress into the boat which was to convey them to the shore. A friend of Mr Gordon's—Mr Daniels by name—was there to receive them, and escort them to his house.

“Only think,” he said, turning to Mrs Nichol, “your friends, Mr and Mrs Seaton, are here, on their way to Alexandria ; they start at twelve by the ship *Osiris*.”

Mrs Nichol was delighted, for the Seatons were old friends.

“My dear,” she said to her brother, “what think you of changing vessels, and going on with them in

the *Osiris*? It is a much larger ship, and you know we have taken our places only as far as Malta."

"I shall think over it," he said, "and see if it can be managed; but that will allow you only four hours to rest and see the island, for the *Osiris* sails at mid-day."

"Oh, as to that, we can remain a week in Malta on our return, and see all that is to be seen."

Thus it was arranged. After breakfast, Mrs Nichol went to the Bible Depôt, to purchase Bibles for such of the crew of the *Vixen* as had none; while Mr Gordon chatted with his friends, and Miss Tyrrwhitt, escorted by Percy, went to see the cathedral church of St John.

"I don't think Malta has a very Oriental appearance," remarked Miss Tyrrwhitt, as they walked along.

"No," replied Percy, "I don't see any fellows in turbans; but what numbers of priests there are!"

"I fancy we must wait till we get to Egypt, Percy, before we see turbans; but, look, I think this must be St John's."

They entered, and were delighted with the beauty of the pavement, on which, in inlaid marbles, were displayed the arms of the Grand Masters of the

Knights of Malta. Miss Tyrwhitt promised Percy, who was a boy very fond of acquiring information, that she would tell him all she knew about the famous Order of Knight Templars, on their return to Malta. "At present," she said, "I have neither time nor inclination, for my head is confused with the sea voyage, and all those horrid noises are still sounding in my ears."

A guide now came up, and took them to the crypt of the church, where they saw the tombs of several of the Grand Masters. Afterwards, he pointed out to Percy a silver railing which surrounded the chapel of the Virgin Mary.

"At the time of the occupation of Malta by the French," he said, "that railing was saved by being painted over; so that the soldiers had no idea of its value, and thought it a mere piece of wood-work."

Percy admired the ingenuity of this mode of concealment, and, after another look round the building, he and his friend returned to Mr Daniels', and found Mr Gordon and Mrs Nichol ready to start. Berths had been secured in the *Osiris*, and at mid-day they stepped into the small boat which was to convey them on board. The *Osiris* was a much larger vessel, and Miss Tyrwhitt viewed it with a faint hope that

it might go on its way with less noise and motion than the one they had deserted.

"Every dog has his day," remarked Thomas, with a sigh, as they left the friendly shore.

"Ours has been a very short one, however," said Jessie ; "only four hours of peace after that dreadful hocean, and here we are a-tempting of the waves again !"

CHAPTER III.

THE LANDING.

THE remainder of the voyage passed pretty much as the former part had done. Our friends were sometimes well, and then they sat on deck, inhaling with pleasure the fresh sea-breezes. At other times they were confined (Percy always excepted) to their cabins, varying the monotony by counting what still remained of the eighty or ninety hours which they were told must elapse ere the wished-for land could be attained; reading a little, and giving utterance to philosophical remarks and sage sayings,—such as, “What can’t be cured, must be endured,” &c. Miss Tyrrwhitt, whose hopes about the greater quietness of the large vessel were partially realised, suffered rather less from sea-sickness, and amused herself by translating into English a German hymn given her by one of the missionaries. It was a very ancient poem—a quaint thing in its

way, and, as many of our readers may not have met with it, we transcribe it here. It is entitled "The Reaper," author unknown.

The Reaper.

There is a reaper, grim Death—
His power is from God on high ;
He sharpens away at his sickle to-day—
Ah ! surely the reaper comes nigh !
And well do I wot he will dare :
Beware, little flow'rets, beware !

What at morn was green and fresh,
Ere the morrow shall all pass away :
The hyacinth tall, and the daisy so small,
The poppy with petals so gay ;
And narcissus that scenteth the air :
Beware, little flow'rets, beware !

And hundreds of thousands shall fall,
Ay, numbers that cannot be told ;
The lilies that hide, and the rose in its pride,
Cut down by that reaper so bold ;
The fairest his eye will not spare :
Beware, little flow'rets, beware !

The corn-flower brilliant and blue,
And the tulip so gaudy, must fall ;
The heath on the hill, and the gold daffodil,
Shall sink to the earth one and all :

The end of it who may declare ?
Beware, little flow'rets, beware !

I defy thee, O Death ! come on !
I fear not thy drawing thus nigh :
Thy sickle so keen will but take me, I wean,
To the heavenly garden on high :
For thy coming we lift up our voice,—
Rejoice, little flow'rets, rejoice !

On the morning of the fifth day, the ladies emerged from their cabins, pale, and subdued-looking, and went on deck to catch the first glimpse of Egypt. The low-lying coast was scarcely visible as yet ; so they sat down to wait in patient expectation. Presently, the doctor of the ship came up, and seated himself by Miss Tyrrwhitt. A clever little man was this doctor, and one who evidently carried an old head on young shoulders, so wise and demure was he.

Miss Tyrrwhitt's ideas were probably somewhat confused, owing to the combined effects of noise and sickness, for her first remark was—"Egypt has, I believe, a very equal temperament, doctor?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the youthful Esculapius ;
"a very equable temperature. Did you observe that very fine waterspout yesterday morning, Miss Tyrrwhitt?"

"No, I did not see it, I was not able to be on deck ; but I heard Percy's exclamations of delight and wonder."

"It was a very curious sight, I assure you, ma'am ; quite a marine phenomenon. There was a large volume of water carried up into the clouds, and several little fishes were drawn up along with it. Waterspouts, ma'am, when philosophically contemplated, lead the beholder to——

"Aunt, aunt, Miss Tyrrwhitt," shouted Percy, emerging from some nook of the ship, and springing to her side, "look out ahead, there is the lighthouse at last. Egypt for ever, hurrah !" and Percy vanished as suddenly as he had appeared ; and the ladies rising, Mrs Nichol pointed out to Kate the old Pharos lighthouse, the Pasha's palace, and the various objects in sight. As they drew still nearer, Kate descried a palm-tree, at whose foot reposed a camel. A dim figure stood beside it, which her vivid imagination and spectaclled eye converted at once into a turbaned Arab.

"This is the East at last," she whispered, with a little quiet thrill of delight. The ship suddenly stayed in her course, and now were seen rapidly skimming over the water countless little boats filled

with Arabs. Strange-looking figures they were, their black and brown faces contrasting with the brilliant turbans they wore, some of which were crimson, others white, and a few of a deep orange hue. Very soon about a dozen of these sprang on board, accompanied by numbers of strong-looking fellows, evidently of a much lower class, who proceeded to unload the goods and passengers' luggage, and then to take them on shore.

Percy stood beside Miss Tyrrwhitt on the quarter-deck, watching these proceedings with great interest.

"Look at that boy!" he exclaimed; "did you ever behold anything so black?"

Miss Tyrrwhitt looked and saw a little Nubian slave standing on the poop of one of the boats beside an Arab, who appeared to be his master. He was perfectly black, had scarcely any nose, large lips, and little black eyes that twinkled with fun. He stood with head erect, and folded hands, and an air which seemed to say, what curious-looking people you Europeans are! His dress was a large white garment which covered him from head to foot, and on his head was a red cap, with a long black tassel, called a tarboosh. Suddenly he caught sight of Percy, and immediately commenced nodding his head, clapping

his hands, and calling out "Bakshish, bakshish !" (a gift.) This was the first time our friends heard that, to travellers, so well known word ; but it was not destined to be the last, for at every step of their course in Egypt, and from almost every lip—quite irrespective of service rendered—came forth the petition for bakshish.

"What a noise they make," said Percy ; "I never saw such a noisy crew in my life."

The riot was certainly something extraordinary ; screams, yells, shouts, and a perpetual torrent of Arabic, made the hitherto quiet ship a very Babel. Several Nubians, clad in a single garment of coarse sack-cloth, now began to draw up bags of specie from the hold, and carry them off to the boats. As they did so, one of them grazed his foot against a trunk, and the blood flowed plentifully.

"Poor fellow !" said Mrs Nichol, pityingly, "see how he has cut himself." Then calling to him, she held up a shilling, saying at the same time, "bakshish." The man received it with astonished pleasure ; he evidently was not accustomed to have his sorrows or pains compassionated. The next moment a tall swarthy fellow came up to Mrs Nichol, and making a graceful salaam, shewed her the remains of an

ancient scar on his ankle, saying with a piteous voice, and quizzical grin, "bakshish, lady!" But the lady only laughed and shook her head. There was not one amongst them, in all probability, who was not willing to cut either leg or arm if a shilling were to be the plaster for the wound.

"Here comes our boat at last," said Mr Seaton, advancing, and giving his arm to Mrs Nichol. A pretty, long boat, manned by eight Arabs, now came alongside, and with pleased alacrity our friends entered it; and bidding a cheerful adieu to Captain Jolly and the doctor, rowed off towards the shore. There, numbers of donkeys and donkey-boys awaited their arrival, and they were surrounded the instant their feet touched the soil of Egypt.

"Ver good donkey, lady! Take my donkey, Mr Doctor, (this was to Mr Gordon.) Take Snooks, lady! Take Yankie Doodle! This Billy Thomson, Mr Governor, (to Mr Seaton,) ver good donkey!"—but a couple of carriages being in attendance, the "ver good donkeys" were declined, the clamorous donkey-boys politely waived off, and full of excitement and interest in all that was going on around them, our travellers drove through the crowded streets of Alexandria to their hotel in the Great Square.

As they went along, their eyes were dazzled by the strangeness of the scene, and the novelty of costume which met their view at every step. Here, an Arab with pale blue dress, crimson turban, and yellow slippers; there, a Nubian, looking like a statue of bronze, draped in white. Now, a long string of camels bearing bales of cotton on their backs; again, an old man with flowing beard mounted on a white ass, splendid in its crimson and gold caparisons. On one side a Shireef, or descendant of the prophet, wearing the green turban which distinguishes him from his less honoured fellows, was jostling a black-turbaned Copt; and beside them rode a Turkish Effendi, whose donkey, arching its neck, stepped out like an Arabian charger.

"I look on the donkeys as the aristocracy of Egypt," remarked Mrs Nichol, who knew the people well, and was therefore a competent judge.

Percy's exclamations of wonder were as numerous as the strange figures passing before his eyes; but Miss Tyrrwhitt, not being able to find words to express her astonishment, prudently remained silent.

They secured rooms at the hotel, and then went to Mr Seaton's to dinner; and, after reposing a little, Miss Tyrrwhitt and Percy stationed themselves at

the drawing-room window, which, fortunately for them, looked into the Great Square, and gazed unweariedly at the curious groups which passed and repassed continually.

"What is that thing in white?" asked Percy, as a veiled figure walked past.

Miss Tyrrwhitt had been studying "Lane's Modern Egyptians" during the voyage, and unhesitatingly replied—

"That is an unmarried Egyptian woman."

"Who told you she is unmarried, Miss Tyrrwhitt?"

"Her dress tells me. The married women wear black veils, or hubras, as they are called, and the unmarried dress in white."

"What a queer figure!" continued Percy; "she has a stripe of white down her nose, and white over her forehead and mouth, so that nothing is seen of her but her eyes."

Presently Percy's attention was diverted from the woman to a fight going on in the middle of the square. Two men were making a rush at each other, each beating the other vigorously. All at once one of the combatants tore off his adversary's turban and dashed it to the ground. This being the greatest in-

sult one can offer to a Mohammedan, his anger seemed appeased, and he walked off, leaving his crestfallen foe to pick up his ill-used head-gear as best he might.

Night came on suddenly, and put an end to our watchers' amusement. No gentle twilight here steals between the bright day and the dusky night, to moderate their abrupt encounter, and bid them part friends. In the East, Night comes with swift wing, and grasping the steeds of Day's bright chariot, hurls him from his seat, and commences at once his own dark reign. Then begin the howling of dogs and the watchman's plaintive cry. Then, woe to the unwary traveller who, unaccompanied by guide or lantern, steps out into the darkness without! Lantern-bearers were waiting to escort our friends to their hotel; and as they crossed the now deserted square, Miss Tyrrwhitt thought of that passage of Holy Writ, "without are dogs;" and the promise in Revelation, "there shall be no night there," came with more vivid meaning to her mind.

They entered the hotel, and soon assembled round the table of their large sitting-room for family worship; and most refreshing to their weary spirits did they find it, in this strange land, to sing to one of the

melodies of their native Scotland the words of the
Psalm—

“The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay :
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.”

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY IN ALEXANDRIA.

NEITHER the barking of dogs nor the bites of mosquitoes had power to chase sleep from the eyes of our wearied friends ; and the sun was high in the heavens ere they could prevail on themselves to leave their couches. A torrent of tongues, speaking in the Arabic language, awoke them to the pleasing fact, that they were no longer tossing about on the troubled sea, but at rest in the old land of Egypt :—Egypt, through the length of which flows the mighty Nile, God's great boon to that country, which, but for its fertilising waters, were a desert waste :—Egypt, where so many great miracles were wrought—where the Lord went forth as the terrible Destroyer of His enemies, as the loving Saviour and Deliverer of His people !

Outside were passing along, the same swarthy faces

and bright hues which had charmed them on the preceding day, and within were large matted rooms, with divans round the walls, and turbaned Arabs carrying breakfast-trays on their shoulders.

"Good morning, my dear Kate," said Mrs Nichol, as Miss Tyrrwhitt entered the saloon; "will you ask that man to bring me a glass of water?"

"*Cumerashandhu?*" said Miss Tyrrwhitt to the turban. The turbaned made a salaam, uttered some cabalistic words, and disappeared.

"Do you think he understood you, my dear?"

"I doubt it greatly, ma'am; for not knowing much of Arabic, I tried Gaelic, which sounds very like it; but I shall ring the bell."

There was, however, no bell to ring; but Kate, fertile in expedients, opened the door and clapped her hands. This brought a waiter, who happened to be an Italian, and the water speedily made its appearance.

"I must really learn a little Arabic," said Miss Tyrrwhitt.

"So must I," said Mr Gordon, looking up from his newspaper; "we must buy a phrase-book and begin at once."

"Here are all sorts of funny words in this book,"

said Percy, bringing "Murray's Guide Book" to his father.

Miss Tyrrwhitt begged for a sight of it, and began to study till breakfast was ready.

"We must have a drive this morning," said Mrs Nichol; "the weather is splendid."

"You must make the most of your time to-day," said Mr Gordon, "for to-morrow morning we start for Cairo. I am anxious to get there as soon as possible."

When the carriage made its appearance, they set off, taking with them a German servant, who could, they took it for granted, speak Arabic. Before the carriage went one of the running-footmen, whose services are indispensable in passing through the narrow crowded streets of an Eastern city. He had a stick in his hand, which he flourished about, and ever and anon, as he ran on, he kept calling out, "Ya walad, ya bint, ya homar!" equivalent to boy, girl, donkey, keep out of the way.

They drove along the banks of the Mahmoodééh canal, which was begun by Mohammed Ali in 1819, and which took a year to complete. They passed fields of beans in full blossom, and the sky was bright and the air balmy as a day of June at home.

Mrs Nichol, who instinctively turned to Miss Tyrrwhitt when anything save English was to be spoken, begged her to tell the coachman he might now drive them to Cleopatra's Needle. Kate gave these orders to the German servant, but, to her dismay, she found he could not speak a single word of Arabic.

"The stupid fellow!" exclaimed Mr Gordon; "why did he then come with us, I should like to know?"

"Try yourself, Kate, my love," said Mrs Nichol; "I am sure you will be able to make him understand you."

Thus conjured, Miss Tyrrwhitt tried to muster up the phrases she had learnt in the morning, but they refused to come at her call. "Ya walad," she said, addressing the coachman, and trying by eloquent gestures to make up for lack of words, "ya walad, andate to Cleopatra's Needle."

The coachman made a low obeisance, turned the horses' heads, and drove the party straight back to the hotel!

"So much for your Arabic!" said Mr Gordon, laughing.

"Better luck next time!" remarked Percy, encouragingly.



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the same time, the same person may be a member of several different groups. For example, a person may be a member of a family, a community, a nation, and a religion.

It is important to understand that the concept of a group is not the same as the concept of a social group. A social group is a group of people who are in contact with each other and who share a common identity.

There are many different types of social groups. Some are small and some are large. Some are formal and some are informal. Some are voluntary and some are involuntary.

One of the most important types of social group is the family. The family is a group of people who are related to each other by blood or marriage.

The family is the basic unit of society. It is the family that teaches children the values and norms of the culture.

The family is also the first place where a person learns about the world. It is the family that provides a person with a sense of identity and belonging.

There are many other types of social groups. Some are based on shared interests, such as a sports team or a club. Some are based on shared experiences, such as a group of friends.

Some social groups are based on shared goals, such as a political party or a labor union. Some are based on shared values, such as a religious community.

There are many different types of social groups, and each type has its own unique characteristics. It is important to understand the different types of social groups in order to understand society.

One of the most important things to understand about social groups is that they are not always the same. A group that is one thing today may be something else tomorrow.

For example, a group of friends may become a family. A group of people who share a common interest may become a club. A group of people who share a common goal may become a political party.

It is important to understand that social groups are not always the same. They are constantly changing and evolving. This is one of the things that makes society so interesting.



POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—*Page 37.*

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"I did my best," replied Kate, with a sigh; "I think we had better have a dragoman at once."

"I think so, too," said Mrs Nichol; and presently a gaily-attired dragoman was seated on the coach-box, and off they drove again, first to Cleopatra's Needle, and then to Pompey's Pillar. Every one knows, by picture and report, those two celebrated monuments of antiquity, therefore description were useless; suffice it to say that our tourists gazed with feelings akin to awe on Cleopatra's Needle, admired its hieroglyphics, which are on one side fresh as on the day when they were cut; but the sand of the desert has effaced them on the other. With Pompey's Pillar they were greatly pleased, although Percy was distressed to hear his papa say that it is of Roman origin, for he had always imagined it to be one of the most ancient things in existence, in spite of its name.

"There is," said Mr Gordon, "an Arab tradition which says that it is one of four columns which once supported a dome. Modern travellers think it probable that it was erected to record the capture of Alexandria by the arms of Diocletian in A.D. 296."

Miss Tyrrwhitt picked up a small piece of granite from the base, wherewith to enrich the museum of a

friend, and then they stepped into the carriage, and drove to the palace of the Pasha, situated near the dockyard. On their way thither they passed the site of the celebrated library of Alexandria. Heaps of rubbish lay about, and one or two houses were in course of building. Here and there lay a broken piece of the capital of a pillar, and this was all that remained to tell the traveller on what classic ground he was treading.

Miss Tyrwhitt was disappointed with the palace; for, although very handsome, it was furnished quite in the French style, and had none of that Oriental character which she expected to find.

"Said Pasha has a peculiar craze for building palaces and then pulling them down," said Mr Gordon; "you will see numbers of them at Cairo in a delapidated condition."

"I remember a curious anecdote of Abbas Pasha," said Mrs Nichol. "When I was last in Egypt, I was told that he wished to build a new palace in the healthiest spot in his dominions, and that in order to find out the most salubrious place, he had caused twelve legs of mutton to be hung up at various places. I felt inclined to doubt this, but was soon convinced of its truth; for, a day or two afterwards,

I went to Suez, and my friend Mr Daniels, who happened to be there, said to me, 'Come with me to-morrow morning, Mrs Nichol, and I will shew you a curious sight.' Accordingly the next morning he took me a little way out into the country, and there, on a high pole, was suspended a leg of mutton ! He caused it to be brought down for my inspection, and although it had hung there a whole month, it was quite fresh, and Suez was fixed on as the best locality for the new palace."

"And did they build it there?" asked Percy.

"No," replied his aunt; "the poor Pasha was murdered before he had time to carry out his intention."

As the party left the palace, a man, standing at the top of one of the flights of stairs outside, began a melancholy sort of chaunt. It was the Moo-ed'din, or muezzin, calling the Mohammedans to prayer. Usually they stand on the minarets of the mosques, and five times a-day utter this wailing kind of sound.

On their return to the hotel, they drove through the bazaars, and were much interested by the novelty of the scene. In those narrow streets were bright-coloured goods exposed for sale on the counters of wondrously small shops. The master generally sat

smoking his pipe, and shewing little apparent interest in the sale of his goods. Men, donkeys, and camels jostled each other, all vying as to who could make most noise.

In the course of the evening, one of the American missionaries called, and gladdened the hearts of our friends by his account of what was doing in Alexandria to forward the spread of the gospel. "We are about to establish a Bible dépôt," he said, "and trust it may be the means of doing much good."

"Don't you think," said Mr Gordon, "it would be a good plan to have a reading-room attached to it, and have other good books, which persons entering may be induced to read?"

"Such is our intention," he replied, "and we wish also to have a back room where we may converse with inquirers. There are numbers of Italians in Alexandria for whose souls no one as yet has cared, and our wish is to have some Italian books and Bibles for them."

"Have you seen the Italian translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress?'" inquired Miss Tyrrwhitt.

"No," he replied; "but I have heard of it. Is it a good translation?"

"Most excellent, as far as I can judge. I think it

would be easy to have a number of them sent out from England."

"I shall certainly inquire about it, for it is a book which attracts old and young alike."

The missionary remained to join in the family worship, and made some beautiful remarks on the concluding verses of the 3d chapter of Malachi, which happened to be the portion for that evening—"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another : and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not."

CHAPTER V.

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

THE next morning, bidding farewell to Alexandria, our friends drove to the railway station, and were soon on their way to Cairo—flying over the plains of the Delta at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The journey occupied about seven hours ; but they seemed far fewer to the travellers, so new were the scenes through which they passed. The Arab villages by the way-side looked very picturesque at a distance, peeping out from among groves of palm-trees ; but it was soon found that it was distance which had lent enchantment to the view, for a nearer approach effectually destroyed the charm. Numbers of black and ragged men squatted before the doors of the huts—for such, indeed, they were—while troops of dirty little urchins ran about sucking pieces of sugar-cane—dogs, sheep, goats, and fowls, being mingled with them in harmonious confusion. The towns were

equally picturesque, and almost equally squalid. They are built of unbaked bricks, mixed with chopped straw: the very same kind which, in days long gone by, the children of Israel were commanded to make for their oppressors. The tall minarets, rising from those Arab towns, had quite a novel effect, and the peculiar appearance of the windows of the harems (or women's apartments) greatly interested Miss Tyrrwhitt. They are made of wood, instead of glass—a kind of lattice work, which has the effect of rich carving, and which, while it screens the inmates from observation, excludes neither light nor air, nor does it prevent them seeing all that goes on without. Of course, it was but a cursory glance which could be obtained, while rolling rapidly past in a railway carriage; but many of the houses in Cairo being furnished with the same kind of window, our friends had there abundant opportunity of examining them; and Kate even ventured to make a drawing of a house, rich in such lattices, which she sent home to her solitary relative, the author, and from which he, aided by the inscription beneath, "This is an Egyptian house," was able to glean some very faint conception of their structure. As Miss Tyrrwhitt herself said, she never had had a pencil in her hand before; so

that her sketches bore about the same resemblance to their objects, as did Snout the tinker's representation of a wall, and Sung the joiner's embodiment of a lion. Nevertheless, she persevered. "I will draw," she said, "until they shall cry, Draw again;" and, accordingly, from time to time, she sent home drawings of everything in the country, animate and inanimate—from a string of camels, down to a goolah or water-jug. Percy joined her in those artistic pursuits, and, we are obliged to confess, however sorrowfully, that his drawings were by far the better of the two.

At a place called Kafr Sehr, the travellers crossed the Nile in a boat, the bridge not being yet finished. "So this is the Nile, at last!" exclaimed Percy, as he assisted Miss Tyrrwhitt into the boat.

"Yes," she said, gazing at it with the deepest interest, "this is, indeed, the Nile—the old river, with its many memories, by whose banks stood the sister of Moses, watching the frail bark which bore the infant child."

"And where Pharaoh's daughter saved him from being drowned."

"Yes, Percy, he was rescued, that he might become the leader of God's ancient people, and their deliverer from the house of bondage. How touching

is the account of her finding him ! Do you remember the verses ? ”

“ Yes, I think I can repeat them— ‘ And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river ; and her maidens walked along by the river side : and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child : and, behold, the babe wept. ’ ”

At the other side, they got into the railway carriage again, and were driven along through a country which seemed to grow more green and fertile as they proceeded. Fields of sugar-cane, and of cotton, lined the road, and brown fellows, with gaudy turbans, sat smoking their long pipes and drinking coffee, at the doors of the various stations they passed.

“ The Pyramids ought to be visible now,” said Mr Gordon, taking an opera-glass from his pocket, and looking out.

“ Yes,” said Mrs Nichol ; “ they are visible at a distance of twenty miles from Cairo ; but the day is so hazy, I don’t think we shall see them for some time yet.”

“ I believe you are right, sister ; I see no appearance of them whatever.”

Percy planted himself at the window as soon as his father sat down, and waited patiently to catch the first glimpse. In a short time, a joyous exclamation from the boy startled them all.

"Look, look, papa, there they are ; and see, Miss Tyrrwhitt, they are as like the picture in our guide-book as can be !"

Kate eagerly looked out, and there they were, indeed—the great Egyptian pyramids, looming through the mist like two large mountains.

"What stupendous works !" she exclaimed.

"What were they made for ?" asked Percy.

"They are supposed to have been the sepulchres of the kings, Percy, and were built to satisfy their vanity, and preserve their bodies from decay."

"Their only hope of immortality," said Mrs Nichol, "seems to have lain in rearing monuments so durable as to defy the finger of time to obliterate them."

"It is, however, an unenviable notoriety which the maker of the larger of those two pyramids has obtained," remarked Mr Gordon ; "for Cheops was such a wretch, and so universally detested, that for centuries the people disliked pronouncing his name."

"What did he do, papa ?" said Percy.

"He closed all the temples ; would not allow his

subjects to offer sacrifices ; and made them work for him by night and by day. I believe the large pyramid was twenty years in building ; but when we go to visit them, Percy, I shall give you a fuller account ; it fatigues my chest to speak in a railway carriage."

Percy continued watching at the window, his attention being divided between the great pyramids and flocks of beautiful white birds which were flying about in all directions, and which his aunt told him were named paddy-birds.

Soon the domes and minarets of Cairo came in sight, and the beautiful citadel, which has a fine and commanding situation. The train at length stopped, and springing from the carriage, our friends found themselves in the midst of as noisy a scene as it is possible to imagine. Even Percy's love of bustle was more than gratified. No sooner had he and his father touched the ground, than they were seized upon by at least a dozen of donkey-boys, each clamorously eager that his donkey should be the favoured one, till they feared they should have been torn in pieces ; and on looking out for a way of escape, they espied Thomas, his visage dark and grim, struggling in the grasp of half a dozen turbaned fellows, who were pouring a torrent of Arabic into his ears,

and receiving in return an amount of good broad Scotch, which would have astonished any one save an Arab.

Mr Gordon at length succeeded in throwing himself on the back of a donkey, Percy was hoisted on to another, and off they rode. Mr Gordon had previously committed the ladies and Jessie to the care of an Arab gentleman, Haradin by name, an old acquaintance of Mrs Nichol's, who, with a carriage, was in waiting to receive them, so that they met with no annoyance, and drove from the scene, leaving poor Thomas and the luggage to their fate.

"I have sent my servant, Mustapha, to fetch your luggage," said Mr Haradin, seating himself beside the ladies. "You need not be in the least uneasy about it."

"I am more uneasy about Thomas," replied Mrs Nichol. "I left him surrounded by a strange-looking crew, and I am afraid they will come to blows soon."

"If they do that," rejoined Haradin, laughing, "you may depend upon it Thomas will have the best of it; those Arabs are sad cowards." Haradin had been educated in England, and was now somewhat more of an Englishman than an Arab in his ideas.

The carriage drove along the Ezbekiah, and stopped before the door of a respectable-looking hotel, kept by an Englishman. Here they for the present took up their abode, and thither, in the course of half an hour they were followed by Thomas, covered from head to foot with dust, and evidently in no agreeable frame of mind.

"Jessie, my lass," said he, as later in the evening they sat down to a comfortable cup of tea, "we've got into heathenland now, or I'm much mistaken. I never was so near shedding blood in my life as this very day at the railway station. A man's drove out of all his religion and good manners in this pagan country. If I was but once back at Auchtermuchty, I'd never tempt Providence more; but, 'he that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar.'"

"La, Thomas!" replied Jessie, "don't be so cross. I think this is the funniest place I ever was in, and the most beautifullest. Certainly, I won't say but what the people might make less noise; how missus' head is ever to stand it, I don't know;—but those 'ere turbans *are* beautiful, Thomas!" and Jessie's eye glanced towards the window.

"'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' Jessie. Take my advice, who am a hantle older than you, and if ever

you're so fortunate as to get safe back to your own home, stay there, my woman, and be thankful. Turbans, indeed ! But I'll waste no more words on ye !" And the indignant Thomas, hastily finishing his beverage, went off to see after his master, leaving Jessie to gaze out from the window in a perfect maze of wonder and delight, till the sudden approach of night hid the magic scene from her view.

"What a charming bed-room this is !" remarked Mrs Nichol, looking round, well pleased, on her cheerful room, which looked out on the trees and winding paths of the Ezbekiah.

"Yours has the same view, I believe, Kate ?"

"Yes," said Kate ; " I am much pleased with our bed-room accommodation, but the sitting-room is dismal in the extreme."

"I suppose it is only meant for dining in ; and that we are expected to sit in our bed-rooms."

Just then Mr Gordon popped in his head at the door. "Miss Tyrwhitt," he said, "I fear there are rats in this hotel ; they are making a sad noise. Just come here a moment." Now, poor Kate had a peculiar antipathy to rats, and well did Mr Gordon know this, as, with a look of demure mischief in his face, he ushered her into the dismal sitting-room, and

pointed out sundry rat holes in various parts of the room. She was, however, too excited on this her first evening in Cairo, to mind even rats, so she only shuddered a little, hoped that nothing worse than innocent mice inhabited the crevices, and soon after, bidding each other good-night, the party separated, and were speedily buried in profound repose.

CHAPTER VI.

GRAND CAIRO.

AT an early hour the next morning, Kate was awakened by a strange and melancholy kind of cry, which came through the still air like the ghost of some plaintive music. She listened, and wondered what it could be. Again and again it came mournfully to her ear ; and then, all at once, it struck her that this must be the cry of the muezzin,—the morning call to prayers. A minaret was in the vicinity of the Ezbe-kiah : she had noticed it on entering the evening before ; and from its top, the cry was now going forth of—“ God is great ; come to prayer.” Kate responded to this call, by lifting up her heart in prayer for the people amongst whom she now dwelt—poor deluded Mohammedans, who are taught to approach God without making mention of that name, the name of Jesus, through which alone a sinner can find acceptance with a holy God.

It was still early ; no one in the house was stirring ; but Kate found longer sleep impossible ; so rising, she dressed, and then left her chamber to reconnoitre. A rugged spiral staircase met her eye, and, ever fond of exploring, she began to ascend, and in a few minutes found herself on the flat roof ; and there, at her feet, Cairo, the beautiful city, with its hundreds of domes and minarets, was stretched out before her delighted eyes. To the north was the sandy desert, whose stillness seemed to have communicated itself to the fair Oriental city, which it partially girds, and which now lay in its embrace, hushed in quiet slumber. Tufts of graceful palm-trees rose here and there amid the tall minarets, while the citadel, from its elevated position, looked down like a guardian angel upon the sleeping city. In the distance was the river Nile, winding along, like a thread of silver, bearing on its bosom many boats, whose white lateen sails grew whiter as they caught and reflected the soft rays of the rising sun. Away towards the south, the Pyramids reared their majestic height—those hoary chroniclers of Egypt's antiquity and glory ; and the sites of Memphis and of Heliopolis seemed, in Kate's excited imagination, to spring into new being, and, ceasing to be mere names, become instinct with life and motion.

It was a beautiful scene, so oriental and so novel ; its quiet poetry stole into Kate's spirit, causing her to take no note of time. When she at length descended, she found every one up, and Mrs Nichol wandering about the rooms in search of the runaway.

"Now, aunt," said Percy, as the breakfast-tray was being removed on the shoulders of their Nubian waiter, Said, "do put off your unpacking till evening, and let us go and see Cairo."

Mrs Nichol good-naturedly consented ; and, calling for a carriage, they stepped in, and bade the coachman drive them through some of the streets.

What a strange place they felt they had got into ! It was, as Percy remarked, like the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," got up for their special behoof. The Ezbekiah was filled with men, women, and children, whose attire was as varied as was the expression of our friends' faces, as the successive groups passed before them.

The dress of the lower orders was chiefly a pale blue garment, reaching from the throat to the calf of the leg ; short white trousers, and a white or crimson turban. Indigo being a product of the country, this colour is cheaper than any other. The women wore a dress of a much deeper die, and a coarse black veil covered

them from head to foot. The donkey-riders wore, some a brown cloth jacket, richly embroidered, wide trousers of the same material, and on their heads the turboosh, or red cap, with black tassel; others had a gray suit, and a few had replaced the turboosh by the kefiyah,—a red and yellow handkerchief tied under the chin, and fastened round the head by a rope of camel's hair. Haradin had informed Miss Tyrwhitt that these were the dandies of the place—that this head-dress was quite unnecessary in towns; it was intended only for the riders on swift dromedaries, to protect their cheeks from the keen air, while pursuing their rapid journey over the sands of the desert. Kate declared that she did not at all admire the kefiyah, it made the men look so like old women; they reminded her, in fact, of Newhaven fishwives, who, although doubtless very picturesque amid their own oyster beds, seemed out of place in Grand Cairo.

The donkeys, of which there were countless numbers, were beautiful specimens of the race, and arched their necks, and stepped along with an evident consciousness of their good looks. Now and then there went past a rider on an Arab charger,—a handsome white creature, whose caparisons were blue and silver, or crimson and gold. Many Shireefs also (de-

scendants of the Prophet) walked along, wearing the green turban, which distinguished them from their less-honoured fellow-citizens ; but, as Mr Gordon remarked, the Prophet seemed to have done very little for his descendants, as the green-turbaned fellows were generally the most ragged and wretched-looking of the whole population.

Miss Tyrwhitt viewed with peculiar interest several whose turbans were black, these being, she knew, the Copts, or ancient Egyptians—the Christians of Cairo. The law prohibits them wearing turbans of any other colour.

On leaving the Ezbekiah, they drove up the Moskee, or Frank quarter,—a broad street, where the names over the shop-doors were written in Greek, Italian, German, French, and English, with only here and there a sign in Arabic. Further on, they entered the streets of the bazaars—if streets, indeed, those narrow lanes can be called—from whose lofty houses project elaborate lattices, and where a carriage, on meeting another, is forced to back into a side street, till the other shall have passed. In the lower part of the houses were small square boxes : these are the shops ; and there are displayed to the admiring gaze, bright goods and wares, from almost every part of

the world. The turbaned merchants sit cross-legged amid their goods, smoking their long chibouks, and viewing, with stoical indifference, the buyers who crowd around their wares. Before you are spread out silks from Damascus; Bedouin handkerchiefs from Mecca; bright Persian rugs; dried fruits from Syria; perfumes from Araby the blest; and linen cloth, richly embroidered with gold. Kate gazed at the wonders around; and rejoiced that the narrowness of the crowded way prevented the carriage from going at a quicker pace. The one object of Arab coachmen seems to be to get on—to drive fast, and this amid difficulties in the way, which seem insurmountable. The noise here was deafening: donkey-boys screaming; children crying; long strings of camels wending their way through the densely-peopled lanes; and the “*ya wullud, ya homar*,” of the running footmen, resounding high above the din. Mrs Nichol, in the dread of causing the death of two or three children—not to speak of the certainty of maiming for life an indefinite number of donkeys—was glad when the drive was over, and they were set down in safety in one of the broad walks of the *Ezbekiah*.

The *Ezbekiah* where our friends resided is a large irregular place, nearly half a mile long, and about a

third of a mile in breadth. It is surrounded by houses, many of which are palaces belonging to the various pashas and grandees of Cairo, but all are very different, indeed—*outwardly* at least—from our ideas of a royal residence. They resemble large hotels rather than anything else. The Ezbekiah itself is laid out in pretty shady walks, and planted with numberless beautiful trees. It is the favourite evening resort of the Cairenes; and there, an hour or two before sunset, may be seen ladies and gentlemen gaily dressed walking under the shade of the accacias, while groups of children play at hide-and-seek amid the intricacies of the winding paths. The hedges are formed of sweet-smelling myrtles; and here and there an opening gives to view a red and blue-striped mosque, with its graceful minaret clearly defined against the blue sky. Many booths are scattered up and down, in which sherbet is sold, and at the doors of which may be seen a motley assemblage of Turks, Arabs, Greeks, white-clad Nubians, &c., sitting smoking their pipes and drinking Nile water or lemonade, which latter is sold by men who carry a little fountain on their backs, and who make known their trade by jingling together the brass cups in which they offer you the beverage.

Our friends often walked here, and found it a relief to quit the din and dust of the streets to stroll among its retired walks, admiring the freshness of the verdure, and enjoying the absence of dust. Owing to the dryness of the climate, dust is one of the chief annoyances of Egypt; and Mrs Nichol, who used when at home to rejoice in cuffs and collars of unrivalled whiteness, felt especially aggrieved by it, and after the lapse of a week or two gave up in despair the hope of ever feeling clean again. There is, however, a good deal done in Cairo to remedy this infliction, for water-carriers go about incessantly and water the roads from goat-skins slung across their backs. One of Kate's first attempts at drawing was sketching one of these men, and this was the only picture of hers which Mrs Nichol was ever guilty of admiring—probably because, as Kate suggested, it made her feel fresh and clean for the moment.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon numbers of women were wont to wend their way along the broader paths of the Ezbekiah, bearing on their heads beautifully shaped water-jars. Mrs Nichol bade Kate observe the grace of their movements in walking, and their fine upright carriage.

"You must watch for their return," she said,

“from the Nile, whither they go to fill these jars, and see how steadily they carry them.”

Miss Tyrrwhitt did so, and soon a group of them came past bearing the heavy jars on their heads, and not even raising their hands to steady them. A few children accompanied the women, with miniature jars, and looking very proud of being able to carry them after their mothers, only the little ones were obliged to put up a hand to keep them from falling, for there were many uneven spots on the road.

As no rain falls, or at least very seldom, vegetation in the Ezbekiah is kept alive by irrigation, and the water flows along in deep ruts which intersect the walks, and which grow hard the moment the water is exhausted, causing many a stumbling step to the poor invalids who frequent these walks.

CHAPTER VII.

A RAT HUNT.

MR GORDON and Miss Tyrrwhitt being both in delicate health, Mrs Nichol resolved that sight-seeing should be done very leisurely, and accordingly insisted that a few days should be given to repose, in order to recover from the effects of their long journey. She turned a deaf ear whenever Kate ventured to mention the words "pyramids, Heliopolis," &c.; but there was so much to interest in merely looking out at the widow, and watching the strange figures threading their way among camels and donkeys, carriages and horses, that there was little merit in submitting to a few days' quiet. Sketch-books, too, began to be filled with what Mrs Malaprop would have termed "dileterious likenesses" of the passers-by, and Mr Gordon's note-book grew visibly. A little incident also occurred which kept *one*, if not two, of the party in such a constant state of agitation and

alarm, that even the pyramids retreated into the background, and the only thing desired was a removal from their present abode to the lodgings which were being prepared for them at Mrs Walker's, a little further on in the Ezbekiah. Thither they in course of time removed ; and while they are getting settled in their new home, we shall proceed to give a faithful narrative of the above-mentioned momentous occurrence.

Mrs Nichol and Kate had a very unfortunate phrenological development. The organ of fear was in both largely defined and conspicuous. At the time of which we write, the exciting cause thereto was *rats*, and the time of its fullest manifestation the witching hour of night. Even during the social hours of evening, their cheeks would grow pale as they heard the pit-a-pat of their dreaded enemies' feet over-head, and listened to their wild racing along the wainscoating of the saloon ; but being at such times all together, and the lamp burning brightly, causing things to look cheerful, they felt comparatively bold ; and it was only now and then that Mrs Nichol looked uneasily around, and drew her chair closer to her brother's side, and it was only twice or thrice in the course of the evening that Kate felt

certain a rat was going to tumble on the top of her head. But at night, when each was alone in her bed, things were *very* different. Not that a rat had as yet been *seen*; still, they were audible, very audible. We regret to say, that that wicked boy Percy did not help to mend matters, far from it, for he would occasionally move his feet on the matting in a way which, to his relatives' minds, carried instantaneous conviction of the presence of two or three of the creatures under the table; and from time to time he would spring from his chair, to Miss Tyrwhitt's unspeakable terror, crying out "a rat, a rat!" This course of procedure, however, terminated, as in the case of the fable of the boy and the wolf, in a kind of scepticism, and seldom were the family so easy in their minds as when Percy's voice gave token of a pretended rat.

One night—a fine moonlight night it was—Mrs Nichol retired to her room, and Kate accompanied her, to have a final chat before betaking herself to her own apartment.

The rats had held unusual revels overhead all that evening, and Percy being out at tea, had failed to reassure them by his usual cry of "a rat, a rat!" so that their minds were in a somewhat excited state.

"I don't like those three inches of open space beneath your door," remarked Miss Tyrrwhitt (the ladies' bedrooms were separated by a folding-door): "rats could easily go out and in there."

"Pooh, nonsense!" rejoined Mrs Nichol, feigning a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. "Besides, you surely don't suppose that all the rats are in *my* bed-room? If one should come *into* my room, I shall be only too happy for it to have a hole to run out by."

"But I greatly object to your stray rats coming to me," said Miss Tyrrwhitt, with a touch of acrimony in her tone; "and I beg you will not chase them in."

"I shall certainly not lie quietly with a rat in my bed-room," retorted Mrs Nichol. "If those creatures come in from *yours* to me, you may depend upon my sending them back in double-quick time."

Kate made no reply, but bade her friend good night in rather a cooler manner than usual, and very soon the household was buried in repose.

In the middle of the night, Miss Tyrrwhitt was wakened by hearing Mrs Nichol's voice calling out, in a paroxysm of terror, "Jessie, Jessie, a rat in my room!—come, quick, quick!"

Jessie, who slept in a little bed in Kate's apart-

ment, snored on in blissful ignorance of the fact ; but poor Kate, her every nerve vibrating, re-echoed Mrs Nichol's cry so vigorously, that the girl started up, rubbing her eyes, and wondering what the matter could be.

"Jessie, a rat, a rat !" kept resounding through the crevices of the folding-doors. Jessie sprang to her feet, lighted a taper, and hastened from the apartment. The folding-doors had been kept shut ever since an earthquake had caused the roof to sink down upon them, so that Jessie had to pass through the dining-room, from which another door led into her mistress' room. Off she went, leaving Kate in the half-darkness in a state not to be described ; the pale moonbeams, which danced here and there on the floor, only making things look more animated and rat-like.

Presently a great scuffle was heard, and mysterious noises, which pierced the innermost tympanum of Kate's ears. It was Jessie with a stick routing out the rat.

"There he is, ma'am," she exclaimed, "there, in that corner—but I can't get at him."

Jessie held rats in utter contempt, and manœuvred famously with her stick.

"Thomas, Thomas!" screamed Mrs Nichol, "come here immediately, and bring the tongs or the poker."

A distant sound of approaching footsteps shewed that Thomas had heard, and was obeying the summons.

"La, ma'am!" said Jessie, as she went on bestowing vigorous blows on the innocent chairs and tables, "there aint no tongs nor pokers in this here country, —there baint be no fires; but Thomas has a good stout stick."

At that moment Thomas, enveloped in a large cloak, and bearing aloft a massive stick, entered the room. As the moonlight fell on his tall, gaunt figure, he seemed to grow into something superhuman in stature, and the look of the moonlit stick was quite enough to frighten a whole regiment of rats. Probably our friend in the corner thought so, for he made a bound from his hiding-place, and darting across the floor, disappeared beneath the folding-doors.

"There he goes, ma'am," said Thomas; "he won't trouble you any more; he's into the next room."

As those words fell on the straining ears of Miss Tyrrwhitt, she screamed out—

"The next room! what next room, Thomas?"

"Into *your* room, miss," said Thomas, composedly walking through the dining-room, and popping his head in at that lady's door.

This was enough for Kate. With a cry of dismay she started to her feet on the bed, and drawing up the sheets around her, stood like a statue of despair, or, like the white lady of Avenel, her eyes staring wildly before her, and her whole body rigid with terror.

"Thomas, Thomas!" resounded again from the adjoining chamber, "come back; I think it is here again!"

But Thomas did not move; his eyes were cautiously following the movements of the rat, which was making the round of Miss Tyrrwhitt's room, and surreptitiously seeking a quiet outlet.

"Come here *instantly*, Thomas, I say!"

Thomas shook his head.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said he.

"*Two* rats in the bush! What bush, Thomas?" said Jessie, now for the first time becoming uneasy.

Thomas made no reply, but a sudden thrust of his

stick hit his adversary a blow which sent him reeling into the middle of the floor.

"Oh, look at it!" exclaimed Miss Tyrrwhitt from her fortress on the bed. "Oh, the horrid, horrid creature!"

The rat looked up at Miss Tyrrwhitt, and Miss Tyrrwhitt, fascinated, looked down on the rat. Suddenly the animal seemed to become magnetised under the influence of the two terror-stricken black orbs that were fastened on him, for he backed towards the wall; and when that barred his further movements, he drew himself close up against it in the attitude of a little dog begging, and there he remained gazing at the horrified Kate, himself perhaps the more horrified of the two.

Thomas, whose well directed blow had only lamed the beast, was by this time back to his mistress' room, her cries for his presence being too urgent to be longer disregarded: and Jessie, with the prospect of more rats being hid in some to her invisible bush, had followed him, leaving Miss Tyrrwhitt to her fate.

What, in these circumstances, would have happened, no one can tell, had not Percy, aroused by the noise, now entered the room, armed with his father's sword-stick. His eyes, following the direc-

tion of his friend's troubled orbs, soon discovered the rat, and with a cry of "Hurrah, rats for ever!" he made a lunge at the dismayed quadruped, and ran it fairly through the body.

When assured that the rat was really dead, and that no more were visible in either apartment, Mrs Nichol laid her weary head on her pillow, and fell asleep; but poor Miss Tyrrwhitt was not so fortunate. The moment she shut her eyes, rats peered at her from every corner of the room, running up the moonbeams, and jumping by dozens on her bed; and when she opened her eyes, there were dusky corners into whose depths her shortsightedness could not penetrate, but where rats she was sure were lying in wait; and it was not till about five in the morning that she fell into a troubled sleep, in which gray rats and red, black rats and brown, figured conspicuously.

After their removal into the new lodgings, there was for a long time nothing heard of rats; nevertheless, every night, candle in hand and spectacles on nose, Kate made the round of her chamber, prying into every nook and cranny of her new abode; and the prolonged sigh of thankful relief with which she concluded her rounds was touching in the extreme.

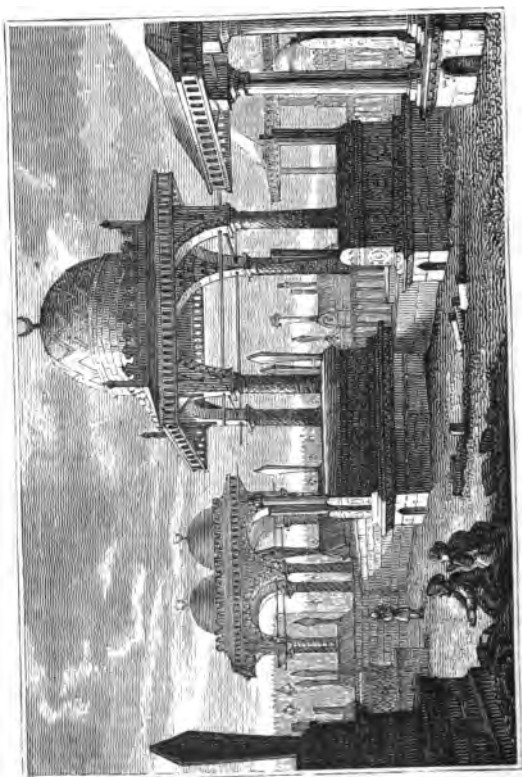
CHAPTER VIII.

DRIVES ABOUT CAIRO.

ONE of the first drives our friends took after they were settled in their new lodgings was to the desert, along the road that leads to Suez. For about forty miles this road has been macadamised, and at certain distances there are stations where the vans which formerly conveyed the passengers for India used to stop and change horses ; but since the opening of the railway, all is changed. The stations are falling into ruins, and the sand of the desert is beginning to cover the road, and will soon, in all likelihood, obliterate it.

The air here was very fine and pure ; as Mrs Nichol said, it gave one new life and energy. Miss Tyrrwhitt enjoyed this drive exceedingly, for the ground they were passing over was Bible ground. To the right rose a small range of hills, the Mokatem, on the other side of which lies the valley of





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Tayeb, or Wandering, through which the children of Israel passed on their journey towards the Red Sea, and there, in all probability, went that wondrous phenomenon, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, the symbol of the guiding presence of Jehovah.

Stretching away to the left was the fertile land of Goshen, the only green spot visible amid the waste of sand. Long strings of camels, bearing loads of cotton and other goods, passed them at intervals, the harsh guttural cry of those creatures being the only sound which disturbed the silence around. Occasionally a wild-looking, picturesquely-clad Bedouin Arab crossed their path, and now and then a rider mounted on a swift dromedary, with the red and yellow kefiâh over his head, and tied under his chin, to protect him from the keen desert air.

In returning, they stopped to visit the tombs of the Memlooks, or, as they are frequently called, of the Caliphs. To these tombs mosques are attached, built of the stones of the neighbouring hills, and the same alternate courses of black and white, or red and white, occur as in those of Cairo. Some of the tombs were finely carved, but almost all of them were falling into decay. Everything in Egypt which *can* go to ruin

is suffered to do so, and, indeed, the work of demolition is often helped on by the natives, who do not scruple to take away stones from the most interesting monuments to aid in making their own wretched houses.

Just before entering the town, they passed a hill which much amused Percy. It is called the doghill, and was quite covered with dogs, who looked down on our friends with most unfriendly visages. As they drove past, a dog suddenly sprang down the side of the hill and ran off at full speed, followed by nearly the whole pack, who barked after him in a very vociferous manner.

Mr Gordon explained to Percy that this was an interloper who had no business on that hill, and was therefore chased from it by the other dogs. The dogs of Cairo, he said, have separate republics, and resent to the death any invasion of their domains.

"I think," said Mrs Nichol, "that the dogs here are the Bedouins of their race, for they call no man master, and lead a sort of wandering life."

"And, like the Bedouins," rejoined Kate, "their hand—if one may so speak of a dog—is against every man, and every man's hand against them."

"Look, aunt," suddenly exclaimed Percy, "what

a splendid load of sugar-cane that man has ! I wish you would stop and buy me a stick."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"I want to cut it into short pieces and put sealing wax at both ends so as to keep in the juice, and then I can take it home with me as a present for Charlie and George Hill. George is always asking about the productions of countries."

The carriage was accordingly stopped, and while Mr Gordon was purchasing the cane, Percy's attention was attracted towards another object. It was a man bending over a ditch by the road-side, and who, with a large kurbash or hippopotamus' whip which he held in his hand, was belabouring some invisible object, from whom terrible screams were proceeding.

Percy stood up to see what it was, and, to his sorrow, beheld a poor little Arab boy, whose naked legs and feet were writhing beneath the savage blows of the man.

"O papa, look at that monster ! Let me out to stop him, or the boy will be killed."

"Stay, my boy," said Mr Gordon, "you can do no good in a matter like this: I shall go myself;" and so saying, he sprang from the carriage, and hastened to

put a stop to the man's barbarity; for, even supposing the boy to have been guilty of great misconduct, the savage blows he was receiving were far beyond what a child's strength could bear. But the affair had been witnessed by another person, and before Mr Gordon could reach the scene of action, a gentleman sprang towards the man, and grasping him by the collar, threw him against the wall, where he held him tight, and then gave him over back and shoulders a caning which he could not easily forget. Meantime, the poor child, rubbing his bruised limbs, was helped out of the ditch by Mr Gordon, and limped away as fast as he could, but not before Mrs Nichol had stuffed some piasters into his hand.

Our friends could not help feeling intense satisfaction in this act of summary justice. Percy clapped his hands, and would have shouted with delight, but for his aunt's look of grave remonstrance.

"What a savage man!" he said; "I thought you told me, papa, that Arabs were kind to children."

"That man is not an Arab, Percy," replied Mr Gordon, resuming his seat, and bidding the coachman drive on. "He is an Italian; and foreigners, I regret to say, are often guilty of great cruelty to the poor natives. I must say I felt glad at seeing him punished

for his conduct. His chastiser is also an Italian, and seemed much ashamed of his countryman's barbarity."

Another day the party drove to the Citadel. It is situated at the south-eastern part of the city, on a rocky eminence, and was founded in the twelfth century by the celebrated Saladin. The Pasha has a palace here, and there is also a mosque, built by Mehemet Ali, with beautiful alabaster pillars. Napoleon having during his Egyptian expedition desecrated this building, our friends were permitted to enter it. The interior was very simple; and kneeling on a carpet, their faces looking towards Mecca, several men were at prayer, some of them apparently earnestly engaged in devotion, others looking around and evidently expecting to be admired. The pharisaical spirit being one inherent to human nature, mingles with every creed, and in every religion.

From the platform a magnificent view greeted the eyes of the party:—Cairo, with its many mosques and minarets, the Nile, the Pyramids, and the palm-groves which mark the sites of Heliopolis and Memphis. It was long ere in such a scene the eye could be satisfied with seeing. At length they turned away.

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for the Arabian expedition, one of his friends sent to tell him that the Memlooks had determined to seize him on his return to Cairo. The same night on which he received this intelligence, he set off on a dromedary, with a few attendants, and reached Cairo early on the following day. There he was informed of another plot which they had laid for him, so he at once resolved on their destruction, and determined to accomplish it with their own weapon,—treachery. He accordingly hastened on the preparations for the intended expedition to Arabia, and fixed a day on which to invest his son Toosoom Pasha with the command of the army.

“The ceremony was to take place in the Citadel, and thither he invited all his officers and great men, and along with them the Memlooks, who, suspecting no danger, came with the rest. When the ceremony was over, they mounted their horses and prepared to leave, but on coming to the gates they found them shut, and the next moment a shower of balls from the enemy brought many of them lifeless to the ground. Their danger was now apparent enough, but there was no escape. Those who attempted to fly were shot down.”

“But why did they not fight?” said Percy; “I

would have made a struggle for my life if I had been in their place."

"But there was no enemy visible; they were hidden, as well as protected, behind the walls, so that the Memlooks could not get at them; and Emin Bey, as your papa has told you, was the only one who escaped. In the city their houses were given up to plunder, and it is reckoned that about twelve hundred of them were destroyed."

As they were leaving the platform, Miss Tyrrwhitt cast a longing look towards the Pyramids; Mrs Nichol observed it, and smiled.

"We shall go very soon, Kate," she said; "I believe we are all sufficiently rested now to enjoy a day there."

Pleased with this prospect, Kate seated herself in the carriage, which waited for them at some distance down the hill, and the party drove quietly home.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAY AT THE PYRAMIDS.

"WHAT say you, good friends, to an excursion to the Pyramids of Geezeh, to-morrow?" said Mrs Nichol, one morning.

Percy gave a spring, which nearly upset a chair, and which quite overturned a little three-legged stool, greatly to the discomposure of a black cat, which was reposing thereon, in cat-like unconsciousness both of pyramids and sphinxes.

"Do you hear that, Miss Tyrerwhitt?" said the boy, stroking pussy back into good humour.

"Yes, Percy ; but suppose it should rain !"

"Oh, as to that, you know, it never rains here for more than five minutes at a time ; Egypt is a charming country for excursions, for it is always fine weather."

"I should not at all object to a shower," said Mrs Nichol ; "it would lay the dust delightfully."

Mr Gordon smiled at the idea of a Cairo shower laying the dust of ages, but he said nothing ; and Mrs Nichol and Kate left the room to hold solemn confab with Jessie about the preparation of a basket of provisions, while Percy went off with a note to their friend Mr Haradin, inviting him to join them in the purposed excursion.

The next morning was as lovely as an Egyptian morn can be, which is no slight praise. The journey was to be made on donkeyback, and in donkey-chairs ; but to save the poor animals a little, Mrs Nichol sent for a carriage to convey them as far as Old Cairo, where they were to cross the Nile. They started about eight o'clock, and on reaching the banks of the Nile, they found Haradin, and his brother Achmet, in the midst of a group of donkeys and donkey-boys, the latter of whom were making the air resound with their noise, as they dragged the donkeys into a boat. Mr Gordon and party stepped into the boat that was waiting for them, and rowed off, Percy watching, in an ecstasy of delight, the embarkation of the unwilling quadrupeds.

Gently the boat glided along the muddy waters, and when about half-way across, Mr Gordon filled a

cup, and presented it to Kate, saying, "This is pure Nile water, you see, Miss Tyrwhitt."

"Pure, indeed," she said, laughing; "it is as muddy as it can possibly be."

She drank it off, nevertheless, taking care to shut her eyes as she did so; and then she was obliged to confess that, in spite of its colour, its taste was peculiarly soft and sweet.

"Look at that, Miss Tyrwhitt," said Haradin, coming forward, and pointing to an object they were passing.

Kate looked, and saw a raft floating down the stream.

"What a strange raft!" she exclaimed; "it seems to be made of nothing but jars."

"You are right," he replied; "that is considered one of the four curiosities of Egypt; it is constructed of those earthen jars which you have often admired as the women were carrying them on their heads. There are two layers of them, you observe, which are merely tied together, and floated down the river."

"And what are the other curiosities?" asked Percy, whose attention was now drawn from the donkeys to this curious raft.

"One is the way in which our women balance

those enormous jars on their head, filled as they are with water, and never even raising their hand to steady them. The women from Upper Egypt are still more expert than ours. One day I saw one of them, after filling her jar at the Nile, put a thick cloth over its mouth to prevent the water running out, and then, turning it upside down, she placed it on her head, and in that manner carried it through the streets, looking all the time as proud as a peacock."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that she carried it with the small end downmost?"

"Indeed I do, Percy; but I don't suppose that many, even of her countrywomen, can do such a feat."

"That accounts for their fine carriage, I fancy," remarked Kate; "but it must require great practice."

"Yes, they are accustomed to it from their earliest years; small jars are made expressly for the children, and larger ones are substituted as they get older. The third curiosity of which I spoke, is the geometrical manner in which our staircases are built; and the fourth, the extraordinary way in which Nile boats are packed with straw; but both of these must be seen with your own eyes, in order to understand my terming them curiosities."

On landing at the opposite side, our friends waited patiently till their unruly steeds and vociferating guides were ready; and then mounting, the cavalcade set off in the following order:—First, mounted on the strongest looking donkey he could find, rode Mr Gordon. The donkey-boy, in recommending the animal, had said, "This be standard donkey, sir;" and in the hope that it would do honour to its name, Mr Gordon engaged it.—Next, seated in an arm-chair, covered with white curtains to keep off the rays of the sun, and borne between two donkeys, one before and one behind, came Mrs Nichol, swaying to and fro in a manner which made persons ignorant of that mode of conveyance feel acutely that the good lady's life and limbs were in considerable danger. Of such persons was Kate, who came next in the procession, in a similar chair, and which, as it soon began to sway in the same manner as its forerunner, speedily stopped all her fears for her friend, by transferring them to herself.

Percy, rosy with health and spirits, capered along, now by his aunt's, now by Miss Tyrwhitt's side, delighted with the friskiness of his white donkey, General Malcolm, which bore itself with an innate dignity, as though proud of its nomenclature, and

had, as Kate observed, "a most aristocratic amble." * On the other side rode Haradin, his slight figure shewing to advantage in the Arab costume. Behind him rode his brother, while the rear was brought up by Thomas, Jessie, and Mustapha, Haradin's servant. A guide leading a donkey, across whose back were slung a couple of well-filled saddle-bags, completed the party; and merrily did they jog on along the pretty road, which led them through bright green fields, and woods of palm-trees. The day was, as we have said, splendid, and the sky fairer and deeper in its azure than Kate had ever seen it, even in her favourite Italy.

For a short space, the couple in the donkey-chairs went on smoothly enough; but every now and then a rough bit of road came in their way; or the donkeys, starting at the touch of the boys' sticks, gave a sudden bound, causing the chairs to roll from side to side, like a ship in a storm; and then from out the white folds of the curtains issued lamentable cries of, "Brother, I am upsetting! Ya wullud; go more gently! Help, Mr Haradin, or I shall be out on the road!" A few seconds

* When distinguished persons visit Cairo, the donkeys are always named after them.

sufficed to resteady the chairs, scold the boys, and allay the fears of the ladies, and on they went as before.

When about half-way, Miss Tyrrwhitt found her poetic feelings regarding travelling in Egypt were so jarred upon by the constant and ignominious fear of being capsized, that she begged Jessie would take the chair and give up her donkey for the rest of the way.

Jessie, quite flattered at being put like a lady into the curtained chair, made the exchange with pleased alacrity; but we suspect that, in a short space of time, she felt very like the Irishman, who, being taken to a party in a sedan-chair without a bottom, said, on arriving, that were it not for the honour of the thing, he would rather have walked. Every now and then cries of distress reached the ears of Thomas, but he, poor man, could yield no assistance, having full occupation in keeping off the guide, whose delight was, whenever he could do so unobserved, to give Thomas' donkey a sly poke, which caused it to perform sudden and, to its rider, unaccountable evolutions and girations. "What can't be cured, must be endured!" ejaculated the afflicted serving-man, as Jessie's vehicle gave a desperate lunge to one side, and simultane-

ously with this, his donkey made a somersault, which landed him on the dusty road.

Meantime, off trotted Kate on her steed, thinking her troubles were now all over, and that in uninterrupted quiet she might indulge her thoughts and fancies, and feel as poetic as she chose; for there were the hoary Pyramids rising in majesty before her—grand, silent, and sublime! At once she was, in imagination, carried back thousands of years—back to the period when Memphis was in all its glory, and old father Time but a babe in his cradle. Alas for human calculations! Scarcely was she settled in her dream-land, when a voice at her side exclaimed, "Take drink of Nile water, lady; good Nile water!"

Kate looked down, and beheld at the donkey's head a most impish-looking Arab boy, his black eyes winking with mischief and cunning. Where he had dropped from, she could not tell, as no dwelling was in sight. Probably his abode was in one of the mud heaps which were scattered here and there as they passed. Well knowing the impossibility of evading an Arab's importunity, she drank a little of the water from the cool stone goolah he held up to her, and, giving him a few paras, bid him go away. But

to go away was the last thing the boy had in his thoughts ; so he replied, "Me ver' good boy, lady ; you go up byrmid, lady ?"

"No," replied Kate ; "I don't mean to ascend the Pyramids at all."

"Not go up byrmids, lady ! then you go *in* byrmid ?"

"No, I am not going inside either. Now, pray, boy, go away."

"Why me go 'way, lady ? me ver' good boy. Give me sixpence, and me go up byrmid and down, five minutes."

"Imshi, wullud !" — (get away, boy !) — exclaimed Kate, with heightened voice and colour.

"Ah, you speak Arabic, lady ! ver' good. Me speak English, French, Italian. Me speak much language. Parlez-vous Français, parlate Italiano ? Give me sixpence, lady ; me go up byrmid, five minutes."

"I will give you *two* sixpences, if you will go up the Pyramids, and never come down again !" exclaimed the aggravated lady, in sore indignation.

As the Arab boy did not clearly understand the magnitude of this offer, he recommenced his "Me ver' good boy, lady ;" but a sudden blow from Miss Tyrrwhitt's parasol caused him to pause in amaze-

ment, and the fortunate appearance of Haradin, who now rode up, (Kate had got some way in advance of the party,) made him take to his heels ; and whether he ever went up, or in to the pyramids, is to this day a matter of uncertainty.

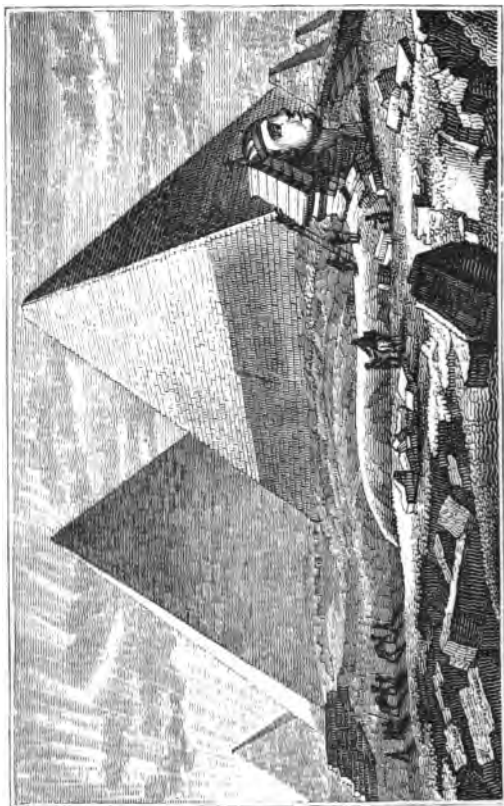
"How small the Pyramids look as we approach them !" said Miss Tyrrwhitt ; "I am quite disappointed."

"Most persons are so," replied Haradin ; "but when quite close, their great height will strike you again."

In a short time they caught a glimpse of the Sphinx, and Percy riding past them, hurried on to be there first. Within a few yards of the great stone figure the party alighted, and admired at leisure this curious trophy of Egyptian art. The nose was almost gone, and it had been otherwise much mutilated by the destructive Arabs. It is cut out of the solid rock, all save the fore legs, which are of hewn stone. The lower part of the body is buried in the sand, the head and neck alone being visible.

"The sand is removed from time to time," said Haradin, "but it always gathers again."

"Is not the Sphinx said to have a small temple in its chest?" asked Kate, turning to Mr Gordon.



THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.—Page 88.

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.



"Yes, and in it sacrifice used to be offered. Pliny tells us that this Sphinx was a local deity, and treated with divine honours by the priests, and by strangers who visited the spot."

"The Arabs call it Aboolhól," said Haradin; "it was an emblematical representation of the king, the union of intellect and physical force."

When their curiosity was in some measure satisfied, our friends proceeded towards the large pyramid. Behind the Sphinx they observed tombs in the rock. One of these Haradin pointed out as having been discovered by Colonel Vyse, and by him named Campbell's tomb. There is a high plain between the tombs and Cheops, (the Great Pyramid,) where Sarcophages are found, and here Kate put on her spectacles in the faint hope that she might be fortunate enough to discover something or other, whether in the shape of a mummy's finger or a sphinx's toe, she was not very sure; but nothing was to be seen save sand and dust.

And now they were at the foot of the pyramid, and there they stood gazing up at the mountainlike structure; but still Kate was disappointed, and spite of her determination to think it high, she could not help feeling, that the view of it from Cairo was far

more striking and better adapted to convey—to her mind, at least—the fact of its being about six hundred feet in height.

There are several other smaller pyramids near, but Cheops was the one which drew most attention. It was now midday, and the rays of the sun soon became too powerful to be endured, so they went round to the shady side of the pyramid, and seated themselves under the shadow of a large jutting-out stone of the building, and there rested while the servants prepared their repast.

At some distance in front of them, beyond the sand of the desert, stretched out green fields, most refreshing to the eye, and far away were many palm-trees, rearing their graceful heads against the horizon. The silence around was most impressive; wearied with the ride, and the ardour of an Egyptian sun, they sat for a time in perfect repose.

“Does not our shady seat here remind you of that text which speaks of our Saviour as being to those who trust in Him as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land?” whispered Kate to her friend.

“Yes,” replied Mrs Nichol, “it does, indeed; I was just thinking of it as you spoke. A burning day

like this, out in the desert where no tree is to be found, makes me feel the force of the passage in a way I never did before. A visit to the East makes clear many portions of God's Word, which in our country would either be unintelligible or passed over without notice."

"And what a comfort," continued Kate, "to think of that shelter and refreshing shade being provided for us by the very God whom we have offended!"

"It is, indeed, Kate: Christ is God's best and greatest gift to man. May we all be led to come to Him, and to sit under His shadow with great delight!"

Suddenly the silence was broken, and their solitude interrupted by a noisy crew. The Shekh of the neighbouring village, a fine, intelligent old man, came up, accompanied by a number of Arabs, each eager to offer his services in assisting the party to ascend the Pyramids. With some difficulty, Haradin succeeded in gaining their attention, and then he explained to them, that on account of several of the company being in delicate health, they did not mean to attempt the ascent at that time. Thomas, he said, would go, but not until after lunch.

The servants now came forward and spread out

the noonday repast on one of the large flat stones of the pyramid, which served for both table and chairs. Covering a portion of it with a rug, the ladies sat down in Arab fashion, while the gentlemen stood around to help. The Arabs, delighted with the assurance that what was left should be given to them, retired to a respectful distance, and seating themselves on the sand or on fragments of stones which lay scattered around, smoked their chibouks in silence.

CHAPTER X.

MORE ABOUT THE PYRAMIDS.

"Now for your promise, papa," said Percy, as soon as lunch was over, and the remainder of the feast abandoned to the delighted Arabs; "now for your promise to tell me who built the Pyramids, and all about them. I hope you have not forgotten it, papa?"

"No, Percy; and I am glad that you have not either. I like to see your love of acquiring knowledge; but I think that, instead of teaching *you*, I shall make you the means of instructing us."

"*Me*, papa? How can I teach any one what I don't know myself?"

Mr Gordon took a little book from his pocket, and opening it at a page he had marked, handed it to Percy, saying—

"I have brought my old friend Herodotus with me. Many a time have his pages delighted me when

I was a boy, and now I should like you, my son, to read aloud to us what he has written about this famous Cheops, under whose shadow we are resting ; that is," he added, looking round, " if you, my dear sister, and Kate, have no objections."

" None whatever," replied Mrs Nichol. " I think it will be a very pleasant way of spending our time till the great heat is over."

Miss Tyrwhitt also and the two Arab gentlemen being of the same opinion, Percy seated himself on a little stone at his father's feet, and began to read as follows :—

" Cheops, who succeeded Prince Rhampsinitus, degenerated into the extremest profligacy of conduct. He barred the avenues to every temple, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifices ; he proceeded next to make them labour servilely for himself. Some he compelled to hew stones in the quarries of the Arabian mountains, and drag them to the banks of the Nile ; others were appointed to receive them in vessels, and transport them to a mountain of Libya. For this service a hundred thousand men were employed, who were relieved every three months. Ten years were consumed in the hard labour of forming the road through which these stones were to be

drawn,—a work, in my estimation, of no less fatigue and difficulty than the pyramid itself. This causeway is five stadia in length, forty cubits wide, and its extreme height thirty-two cubits: the whole is of polished marble, adorned with the figures of animals. Ten years, as I remarked, were exhausted in forming this causeway, not to mention the time employed in the vaults of the hill on which the Pyramids are erected. These he intended as a place of burial for himself, and were in an island which he formed by introducing the waters of the Nile. The pyramid itself was a work of twenty years: it is of a square form; every front is eighty plethra long, and as many in height; the stones are very skilfully cemented, and none of them of less dimensions than thirty feet. The ascent of the pyramid was regularly graduated by what some call steps, and others altars. Having finished the first flight, they elevated the stones to the second by the aid of machines constructed of short pieces of wood; from the second, by a similar engine, they were raised to the third, and so on to the summit. Thus there were as many machines as there were regular divisions in the ascent of the pyramid, though, in fact, there might only be one, which, being easily manageable, might be removed

from one range of the building to another as often as occasion made it necessary : both modes have been told me, and I know not which best deserves credit. The summit of the pyramid was first of all finished ; descending thence they regularly completed the whole. On the outside was inscribed in Egyptian characters the various sums of money expended in the progress of the work—for the radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the artificers. This, as I well remember, my interpreter informed me, amounted to no less a sum than one thousand six hundred talents. If this be true, how much more must it necessarily cost for iron tools, food, and clothes for the workmen, particularly when we consider the length of time they were employed in the building itself, adding what was spent in the hewing and conveyance of the stones, and the construction of the subterraneous apartments ! Cheops, having exhausted his wealth, ordered his daughter to find him money. She complied with her father's injunctions, but I was not told what sum she procured : at the same time she took care to perpetuate the memory of herself ; with which view she solicited every one of her lovers to present her with a stone. With these, it is reported, the middle of the three pyramids, fronting the larger

one, was constructed, the elevation of which on each side is one hundred and fifty feet."

"I think," said Percy, looking up from his book, "this lady must have had a great many lovers, to enable her to build such a pyramid, when each was to give her only one stone."

"I think so, too," said his father; "but I greatly doubt the accuracy of this part of our good friend Herodotus's account; I fancy he just repeats a ridiculous story which had been told him as fact."

Percy then went on:—

"According to the Egyptians, this Cheops reigned fifty years. His brother, Chephren, succeeded to his throne, and adopted a similar conduct. He also built a pyramid; but this was less than his brother's, for I measured them both; it has no subterranean chambers, nor any channel for the admission of the Nile, which in the other surrounds an island, where the body of Cheops is said to be deposited. Of this latter pyramid, the first ascent is entirely of Ethiopian marble of various colours, but it is not so high as the larger pyramid, near which it stands, by forty feet. This Chephren reigned fifty-six years. The pyramid he built stands on the same hill with that erected by his brother; the hill itself is near one hundred feet

high. Thus for the space of one hundred and six years were the Egyptians exposed to every species of oppression and calamity, not having in all this period permission to worship in their temples. For the memory of these two monarchs they have so extreme an aversion, that they are not very willing to mention their names. They call their pyramids by the name of their shepherd Philitis, who at that time fed his cattle in those places."

"This is all about the Pyramids, papa," said Percy, closing the book; "but he does not tell us what they were built for."

"It is generally supposed that they were meant as sepulchres for kings," replied his father. "Here is Pliny's account; if you would like to see what he says, you may read this page."

Percy took the book, and was preparing to read, when an exclamation from Kate caused him to look up.

"Excuse my interrupting you," she said, "but *do* look at that unfortunate Thomas!"

Every eye turned in the direction to which she pointed, and there was Thomas between two tall Bedouin Arabs, each of whom had grasped him by a shoulder, and was dragging him up the enormous

stones of the pyramid, he evidently resisting with all his might. They had already succeeded in hauling him up a little way, when, with a violent effort, he managed to disengage one arm, exclaiming at the same time, in great indignation, "Hands off, Pompey ; dinna ye think that a man can climb a hill on his ain twa legs?"

The Bedouins replied by a torrent of Arabic, and again grasping their victim by the arm, dragged him on. Just then Jessie emerged from a corner, and called after Thomas, urging him to return, and not attempt such a mad ascent in such doubtful company. "Set a stout heart to a stey brae, Jessie," he called out, without turning his head ; and with these words, the undaunted Thomas sprang up another stone, and yet another, till he was lost to view, leaving Jessie to save herself, as she best could, from two more Arabs, who now advanced, and who seemed determined that she also should go up the pyramid. Mr Gordon, laughing heartily, sent Mustapha to her assistance, and then bade Percy resume his employment, which he did, reading aloud the following brief extract :—

"The Pyramids are an idle and silly display of royal wealth ; for some state the reason of their erection to have been, either to deprive successors or ambitious

competitors of the money, or to prevent the people becoming idle. Nor was this vanity confined to one person ; and the traces of many begun and left unfinished, may still be seen. There is one in the Arsinoïte nome ; two more in the Memphitic, not far from the Labyrinth. The same number where the Lake Mœris *was* : this being a large canal. These Egypt reckons among her wonders, the summits of which are represented towering above the water's surface. Three others, which have filled the whole world with their renown, are seen from a great distance by those who navigate the river. They stand on the barren, rocky eminence of the African shore, between the city of Memphis and what is called the Delta, less than four miles from the Nile, and six from Memphis, close to a village called Busiris, where the people live who are in the habit of climbing up them. Before them is the Sphinx, even more wonderful, and having the appearance of a local deity of the neighbouring people. They suppose King Amasis was buried within it, and that the whole was brought to the place where it now stands, though in reality it is cut out of the natural rock, and worked smooth. The circumference of the monster's head is one hundred and two feet across the forehead ; its

length is one hundred and forty-three feet ; and its height, from the belly to the highest point of the head, sixty-three feet."

"Well, papa," said Percy, as he laid aside the book, "the Pyramids are very wonderful ; but I think I could content myself with a smaller tomb. Where does the entrance up there lead to ? are there rooms inside?"

Before Mr Gordon had time to reply, a gentleman, escorted by two Arabs, who were dragging him by the arms, issued from the aperture to which Percy was pointing, and, descending the large steps, came towards them. He turned out to be a friend from Cairo ; and Percy gladly availed himself of the opportunity of interrogating him about what he had seen within the pyramid.

"Don't you intend to go in yourself, Percy?" asked Captain Davidson, for so the gentleman was named.

"Not to-day, sir : papa says, that if he gets a little stronger, he will come here again ; and then we shall go to the top and inside too. And please, Captain Davidson, what did you see when you went in?"

"I went about eighty feet down the passage," replied the captain, "where I saw the end of a granite

block, on which I turned to the right, and, climbing a few rough steps, ascended to the great gallery. Here I saw the entrance to the well, which served as another communication with the lower passage. My guides then took me to what is called the Queen's Chamber—a small room, with a roof formed of blocks of stone resting against each other."

"And what was this room intended for, sir?"

"I do not know ; it seems to be a doubtful point. This chamber is about four hundred feet below the summit, and seventy-two above the level of the ground. After viewing the room, I returned to the great gallery, and, descending another passage, came to the principal apartment in the pyramid, which is called the King's Chamber."

"What are its dimensions?" asked Mr Gordon.

"It is thirty-four feet long, seventeen feet broad, and about nineteen feet high. The roof is flat, and formed of blocks of granite resting on the side walls, which are built of the same materials. At the upper end is a sarcophagus of the same kind of red granite. On being struck, it sends forth a sound resembling a deep-toned bell."

"Are there any hieroglyphics on it?" asked Miss Tyrwhitt.

"No, there are none; neither is there any sculpture of any kind, which is very extraordinary; there are some, however, on the stones of the upper chambers."

"From all you have told me," said Percy, "I think I should far rather go up to the top, than into the pyramid; I don't much care to see musty old chambers; but I long to have a famous climb;" and Percy sighed as he looked up, and saw one or two travellers making the ascent.

"Well, Percy," said his father, "be comforted, for even if I am unable to accompany you, I shall get some one else to go with you to the top; but not to-day, it is time for us to be thinking of returning."

"Look, what are these men bringing?" asked Mrs Nichol, as some Arabs came up, holding out something to the party.

"They are bats," said Miss Tyrrwhitt, who happened to have her spectacles on.

"And scorpions!" exclaimed Percy.

The man held them, calling out, "Bakshish!" The scorpions were put into a bottle, and one of the bats was given to Percy, who rolled it up in a paper parcel, which he pinned to his jacket, in order to carry it home.

The donkeys now came up, looking quite refreshed after their long rest. Thomas, too, came back safe and sound, delighted with the feat he had accomplished; and, mounting their chargers, our friends proceeded on their homeward route, casting many a lingering glance behind at the far-famed Cheops, and his companion the Sphinx.

In writing an account of this expedition to her relative, some days afterwards, Kate concluded her epistle thus:—"The only drawback to our pleasant excursion to the Pyramids, was the sad state of our poor donkeys, caused by the cruelty of the Arab drivers. The poor animals had large sores upon them, and, in spite of all our indignant remonstrances, the donkey-boys persisted in running the end of their sticks into these sores. The terrible cruelty of the thing shocked us; but on asking Mr Haradin why they acted thus, he informed us that it is Europeans visiting Egypt who are chiefly to blame; for they are not content to ride at an ordinary pace, but insist on the donkeys being made to run almost as fast as a horse; and as it does not seem to belong to a donkey's nature to go fast, the boys are compelled to resort to the cruel practice of keeping open sores on their animals, by which means they are the better able to

compel them to great speed. I fear Mr Haradin is right, and that a good deal of the blame does lie at our door ; for I have myself often noticed the mad way in which the young civilians and cadets going out to India ride, calling out, ' faster, faster,' till the poor brutes, feeling the stick irritating their sores, are urged to extraordinary speed. I have perhaps expressed myself rather warmly on this subject, but it is one which has been daily matter of grief to Mrs Nichol and myself ever since we came to Egypt ; and, besides, I think that we, who profess and call ourselves Christians, ought to set the unenlightened Arab a good example, and shew him that a ' righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' "

CHAPTER XL

PERCY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

"WHAT are you about Percy?" said Miss Tyrrwhitt, one afternoon, as she entered the sitting-room, and found Percy seated at the table, with a most dolorous expression of countenance. Before him lay a large sheet of blank paper, a newly made pen was in his hand, his elbow rested on the table, and his head was bent down over the paper, with a most unmistakable "I-can't-do-it" air. He heaved a sigh on Kate's entrance, and replied to her question in a lamentable tone of voice—

"Dear Miss Tyrrwhitt, if you don't come to my help I shall never finish this horrid task."

"Finish it, my dear Percy! As far as I can perceive, you have not yet begun it; oh yes, you have though, I see!" and putting her eyes close to the paper, Kate read:—"CAIRO, *February* 22, 1859.—MY DEAR GEORGE." "So you are writing to George

Hill, are you? That is a good boy; how glad he will be to receive a letter from Egypt!"

"Papa and aunt have gone out to walk on the Ezbekiah, and papa said I must have this letter at least half finished before he comes back, and I can't write a single word."

"Why not?" asked Kate, quietly.

"Because I have nothing to say, and I hate to be made to write letters. I do wish papa would not insist upon it."

"Nothing to say, Percy! If you only consider some of the many interesting things you have seen since you came to Egypt, I think your difficulty will be where to begin, and how to write fast enough. Suppose now,"—and Kate sat down beside the half-angry boy, and, stroking back his hair, began to suggest materials for a letter. "Suppose now you give George an account of your drive to Shoobra the other day."

"But what will George care for a drive? Boys like donkey riding far better than carriages."

"Yes, dear, I know that; but you must tell him how many donkeys you met on the road, and then describe that pretty kiosk at Shoobra, and the pepper-tree, and"——

"Yea," interrupted Percy, becoming animated, "and the fine ladies who used to be ducked in the lake ; and then you know, Miss Tyrrwhitt, we saw a boat with such a beautiful lateen sail as we came home. George never saw a lateen sail, I am sure."

"And don't forget to tell him about the boat Mr Haradin gave you."

"Oh dear me, how stupid I was to forget that ! Please, dear Miss Tyrrwhitt, don't speak to me any more, for I must be quick and write it all down before I forget it. And O Miss Tyrrwhitt, Prince Alfred ! Don't you remember we met him as we returned ? and we saw all the soldiers and guns too !"

With a smile, Miss Tyrrwhitt rose and left the now eager boy in quiet possession of the table ; and in two minutes she heard the scratch, scratch of his pen running with almost railway speed, along the paper. When Mr Gordon returned, three long pages were filled, and Percy begged his papa not to disturb him, as he was in the very middle of his letter, and had so much to say, he could scarcely write fast enough. We shall take the liberty of looking over Percy's shoulder as he writes, and give our young readers the benefit of his epistle.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am going to give you a good long description of the Shoobra gardens, and tell you about that famous lateen sail we saw on the Nile; but I forget you do not know where Shoobra is, and I am sure you never saw a lateen sail, though you may have heard of one; so I shall begin at the beginning. Well, the other day—I forget if it was Monday or Tuesday, but that does not much signify—I had a headache, so aunt would not let me take a donkey ride, (I go out on a donkey every day with papa, and it is *such* fun,) so she made me get into the carriage with her. I did not like this much, for you know sitting still in a carriage is *very* tiresome; but Miss Tyrrwhitt put me on a plan which kept me from wearying. 'Count how many donkeys you meet going up and down the Shoobra road,' she said; and I found this capital fun, for every minute two or three passed us, and on both sides of the carriage too, and how many do you think I counted in the space of two hours? I daresay you can't guess, so I shall tell you—five hundred and sixty! Five hundred and sixty donkeys, besides a great many that I couldn't count, for at one time there were dozens of them passed us at once, so I lost count there alto-

gether ; and such donkeys as they are too ! Most of them are white, with pretty red saddles ; and how they *do* run ! Ah, George, if I only had you here on a donkey ! The Shoobra road is very pretty. It is about four miles long, and has rows of beautiful trees on each side. Papa says that almost all the trees are acacias. At some parts the trees meet over-head, and make such a nice shady avenue. Sometimes an opening comes, and then there is what aunt calls a beautiful peep of the Nile, with boats sailing up and down ; and, instead of sails like our boats at home, they have long white things like wings. Papa says they resemble a pair of scissors open, but I like the simile of wings best ; and these white wings are called lateen sails. I have made a drawing of a Nile boat with lateen sails, and I shall give it to you when I return home. But I have something still better than a drawing to shew you—I have got a *real* boat, not a large one, but a beautiful little model of a Dahabeëh, which a kind Arab gentleman, Mr Haradin, got made for me. Dahabeëh is the Arab name for a Nile boat. It is open, and has a plank at the side of the cabin windows extending to the steerage, and it has a cabin with a little door, which opens and shuts just like a real boat. At the end of the Shoo-

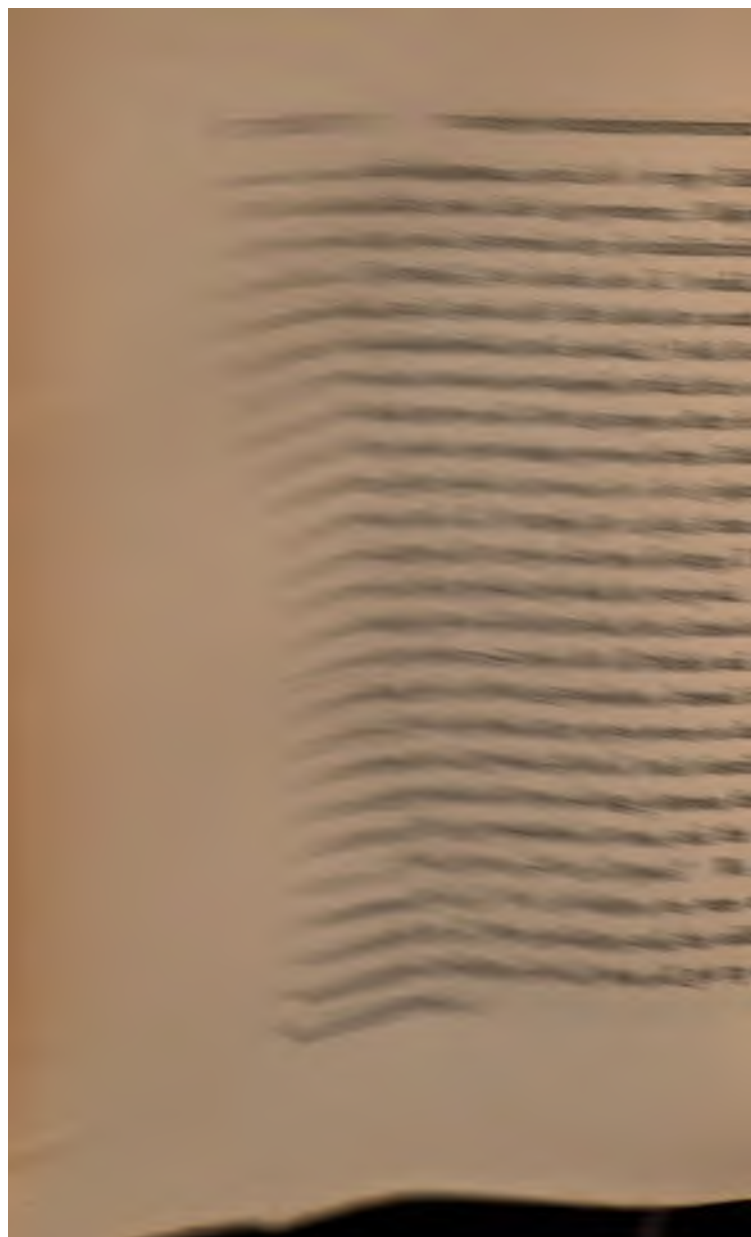
bra road is a splendid gate, made of cast-iron, where sat a black bowab, or porter. We left the carriage there, and went on foot through the garden. I don't think you would like the garden as much as your own at home, for it has not half so many flowers, and no nice lawn like yours. It is laid out in long walks, which Miss Tyrrwhitt thinks very pretty, because the hedges are all of myrtle, and the pepper-tree throws its shade over you as you pass along. The pepper-tree is very curious ; it has slender green leaves, and beautiful bunches of pink-coloured berries. Papa brought down one of these bunches with his stick for me, and when I opened the berry there was the little peppercorn within it. I put it in my mouth, and really it was so good that I ate it up ! The pepper at home must have lost all its taste on its journey to England, for it is not to compare with what I ate at Shoobra. There are plenty of orange and lemon-trees all about the garden. The best kind of orange is the blood-orange. It is quite red inside, and papa tells me that this comes from its being grafted into the pomegranate-tree. After walking about a while, our dragoman took us to see a large building at the end of one of the walks. Papa told me this was called a kiosk, or summer-house, and

that Mohammed Ali used to sit there smoking his pipe and drinking sherbet. We went up to it by a flight of steps. There is a fountain in the centre, supported by crocodile's heads, all cut in marble; and there is a beautiful lake with gilded boats, called caiques, moored at its side. The pasha used to take his wives there sometimes, and he amused himself by upsetting the caique, and tumbling them all into the water! It must have been very funny to see them spluttering about in their large black veils and wide trousers. There are also colonnades of marble pillars, and at each corner a splendidly-furnished room, with Persian carpets, crimson-velvet divans, and curtains made of such heavy silk, that I could scarcely raise them. There were some silver chandeliers also, which I thought very beautiful, for they were made in the form of palm-trees; altogether, it is a splendid place. As we were passing one of the pillars, I saw a man at his prayers, and you can't think how strange it was! He stood with his hands folded, and his eyes bent on the ground; then he knelt down and prayed, and every now and then he bent his head till his forehead touched the ground. He did not take the least notice of us, and seemed not to know that we were passing. Well, I don't think I could say

my prayers, and attend to what I was saying, if I were to kneel in a public place, with half-a-dozen people passing by and staring at me. You know, George, the Bible says—'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.' I often think how glad we should be that we have been taught the true religion; for, as papa says, it is very sad to know that the poor Mohammedans are taught to offer up their prayers in the name of an impostor, instead of in the name of Jesus. He says we ought to pray for them, and set them a good example in everything. As we were driving home again, we had a very fine view of the Pyramids. Aunt stopped the carriage, that we might see it better; and Miss Tyrrwhitt began to sketch the Nile, and those charming boats with my favourite lateen sails, looking like bright white birds in the sunshine; then by the banks of the river are green fields, and the great Pyramids in the distance. It is a pity that Miss Tyrrwhitt does not draw a little better. She is always trying, but she makes terrible daubs

after all. I don't think I could ever guess what her pictures represent, if it were not that she writes underneath what the drawings signify. However, as I don't draw very well myself, I must not be too severe on her. About half-way up the Shoobra road there is a very pretty white house, with green Venetian blinds, the cleanest looking house I have seen in Cairo. It was built by the French consul; and just as he was furnishing it the pasha (Said Pasha, the present ruler of Egypt) saw it, and took such a fancy to it, that he told the consul he would buy it of him, and that he must sleep in it that very night! As Eastern monarchs are what papa calls despots, the poor consul was obliged to give up his nice house; however, he was so well paid for it, that perhaps he did not regret it. I am always glad when we come to this part of the road, because there is a good deal of ground attached to the house, and there the pasha's soldiers are exercised. There are rows of white tents erected where they sleep, and at whatever hour you pass, you are sure to see them marching about and going through some of their manœuvres. Well, when we got to the palace, there were the soldiers drawn up in two long lines along

the road, and in front of them a row of guns standing up cross-ways. It looked quite beautiful, for the soldiers here are dressed in white jackets and trousers, with red sashes round their waists, and red turbooshes on their heads. Papa made the dragoman ask why they were all drawn up in this way, and he was told that they were just expecting the arrival of Prince Alfred, who was coming from Alexandria by the railway. As we are very loyal, aunt said we should wait till the train came in, and have a sight of our prince, and let him see that there were English friends in Egypt in case he needed them. In a little time we saw the smoke of the engine, and on came the train, but some houses prevented our seeing it stop. In a few minutes an outrider, mounted on a splendid Arab charger, dashed down the road past us and on to the palace, to give notice of the prince's approach. I got up on the box beside Thomas and the coachman to have a better view, and soon a carriage-and-four, followed by a great many others, came along the road, and a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Fortunately, the carriages drove slowly, so we had a good view of the whole party. First came the prince, a pretty boy, not much taller than myself. He was dressed



"Now, George, my fingers are quite tired with writing so much and so fast, so I shall add no more at present. Remember me to Charlie, and write very soon to your affectionate friend,

"PERCY GORDON."

as a midshipman, and is very like the queen. Beside him sat his governor, Major Cowell. I stood up and waved my handkerchief, and cried out 'Hurrah!' as loud as I could. The prince smiled, and took off his hat to aunt, who waved her handkerchief, and said, 'God bless him!' but I was too much occupied with the other carriages to think more of the prince after he had passed. In the next carriage were three little middies. I fancy they had come to be playmates for the prince, and I longed to join them and have a good game; for you know, George, I have no boys here to play with, which is very sad. All the other carriages were filled with the finest-looking fellows you ever saw,—great fat Turkish and Arab officers, pashas, and other grandees, dressed in scarlet and gold; but, indeed, my eyes were so dazzled by their dresses and jewels, that I can't describe them. As the procession drove along between the files of soldiers, they presented arms, and the band struck up 'God save the Queen!' We then drove home, and I do believe we were all as much excited as if the salute and the soldiers and our national anthem had been all got up expressly in our honour!

"Now, George, my fingers are quite tired with writing so much and so fast, so I shall add no more at present. Remember me to Charlie, and write very soon to your affectionate friend,

"PERCY GORDON."

CHAPTER XII

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

It was the Sabbath-day : bright was its dawn, and beautiful did all nature look in the soft light of morning, as at an early hour Kate left her couch, and, unclosing the casement, looked forth into the opening day. As yet, all was still. The noisy crew who, regardless of Sabbath or of Friday—the Moslem day of worship—were wont to keep the Ezbekiah in a constant Babel of tongues, had not yet left their slumbers, and only the home-like sound of the crowing of a cock, and the gush of song from the little inhabitants of the neighbouring trees, broke, without disturbing, the silence that prevailed.

The leaves of the graceful memousa and the green acacias were scarcely ruffled by the gentle breeze that played among them ; and the tall minaret beyond, on which Miss Tyrrwhitt's eye rested, seemed to her at that moment so like one of the village

spires of her own beloved land, that she forgot where she was, and her imagination carried her back to a fair spot beside the silver Tweed, where she almost heard the bell that was wont to summon her to the house of prayer—that house to which she had so often gone in company with many dear friends, some of whom, their weary pilgrimage over, and the cross exchanged for the crown, were now worshipping in the sanctuary above; while others were scattered far and wide, never, it might be, to meet in that house of God again. Suddenly, the angry cry of a camel awoke her from her reverie, and ere many minutes had elapsed, Kate had no doubts as to where she was; a dozen Arab voices vociferating at the highest pitch of their lungs, the barking of dogs, the braying of donkeys, and the stir which now began in the opposite sherbet-tents, all told her plainly that she was far from the land of Bibles and of Sabbaths.

She closed the casement, and taking up the old book, which had been her guide and comfort in many a foreign land, she read anew the gracious words, which assured her that God would never leave nor forsake her, but would be a little sanctuary to her in 'all the countries to which she should come.*

* Ezek. xi. 16.

Some days previously, both Kate and Percy had caught slight colds, and although they ventured to church in the forenoon, it was judged more prudent to remain at home for the rest of the day.

"What shall we do with ourselves?" said Percy, yawning, as he stretched himself on a sofa.

"I have been thinking of an employment for us," replied Kate; "and if you will bring our Bibles, I shall tell you what it is."

Percy jumped up with alacrity, and handing his companion her Bible, said—

"I hope it is to search out texts on some particular subject; you know I like that, Miss Tyrrwhitt."

"Yes, Percy, it is. I want you to find texts to illustrate whatever Scripture customs or manners you may have noticed in Egypt."

"Scripture customs!" said the boy, musingly. "I don't think I have seen any." Then, after a pause, he exclaimed—"Oh yes, I remember one now; but I shall not tell you what it is till I have found out some texts for it. Will you search for some too?"

"Yes, Percy; I think it will be a very pleasant occupation."

For the next hour scarcely a word was uttered by the two students, who, with Bible and Concordance, sat absorbed, jotting down a text from time to time.

At length Percy looked up—

“I think I have got texts enough, Miss Tyrrwhitt; are you ready? May I read mine to you?”

“Wait one moment; yes, now I am ready. Suppose we read time about, and do you begin.”

“My first subject,” began Percy, “is about dogs. I have written out three passages for you. There are a great many more in the Bible, but I thought three would be enough. The first text is in the 59th Psalm, verses 6, 14, and 15—‘They return at evening:’ (referring, you know, Miss Tyrrwhitt, to the wicked transgressors who are mentioned in the 5th verse)—‘they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. And at evening let them return; and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.’ I am sure it is well said that they make a noise,” remarked the boy, looking up, “for I never in my life heard such a noise as the Cairo dogs made last night; they went about the city all night. I thought

they would never stop barking, and let me go to sleep ; but they did at last."

"I suspect you must have fallen asleep in spite of their noise, Percy ; for I, who am but a poor sleeper, heard them barking and howling nearly all night long."

"I wonder the people don't kill some of them, Miss Tyrrwhitt. If I were the pasha, I would order a hundred of them to be shot."

"It certainly would be a great comfort to us if their numbers were decreased. The Arabs, I am told, look upon them as unclean and contemptible animals, and never touch them. They are said to be the scavengers of the town, and keep it clean ; but otherwise, I can see no use that they are of"

"My next text," continued Percy, "is in the 9th chapter of 2d Samuel—' And he bowed himself, and said, What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am ?' "

"Does that refer to Jonathan's son, Mephibosheth ?" asked Miss Tyrrwhitt.

"Yes ; it was at the time when David told him he would shew him kindness for his father's sake, and I fancy Mephibosheth meant that he was of very

little value when he compared himself to a dead dog ; did he not ? ”

“ Yes, that was evidently his meaning, and shewed his lowly opinion of himself. And your next text ? ”

“ My next is in the 11th chapter of Exodus, at the 7th verse—‘ But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue against man or beast ; that ye may know how that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel.’ It seems to me, Miss Tyrrwhitt, that the dogs now are just the same as in Bible times, going about the cities at night making a noise.”

“ And being generally despised,” interrupted Kate.

“ Yes ; only, of course, that does not refer to our dogs at home, for we love them very much ; but what I was going to say is this, that I think they may fairly serve as an illustration of Scripture.”

“ I quite agree with you ; and now I shall tell you my subject. You have often admired those pretty latticed windows in the houses of Cairo ? ”

“ Oh yes, often ; they are very curious, and very pretty too : but are *they* mentioned in the Bible ? ”

“ Indeed they are. I have found two passages in which the word ‘ lattice ’ occurs ; and as fashions in

this country seldom change, I have no doubt that they are the very same kind as those mentioned in the Bible."

"Why have they such queer windows, Miss Tyrr-whitt? I think people must feel choked behind them."

"Not in the least; they admit both air and light in sufficient quantity, and those within can see quite well through them. Have you never, as you came down-stairs, looked through the lattice we have in this house?"

"Oh yes, often. I can see quite well through that."

"Well, it is just the same as those you have remarked in all the old houses; and the reason of their being in use is to prevent the women of the family from being seen by any, save her nearest relatives. No Arab ever sees the face of any female, except that of his own wife or daughter. The Easterns are a jealous race, and have long been in the habit of keeping their women secluded. But now let me read you my texts. The first is in the 5th chapter of Judges, at the 28th verse—'The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why

tarry the wheels of his chariots?' And the other is in the Song of Solomon, at the 9th verse of the 2d chapter—'My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart: behold he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.'"

"I shall look at lattices with greater interest, now," said Percy, "since I know that they are of such ancient date, and that they are mentioned in the Bible. My next subject is the running-footmen. Do you know, Miss Tyrrwhitt, I never should have thought of them as illustrating Scripture; but the other evening I was reading my chapter before going to bed—and it was the 12th chapter of Jeremiah—and there the running-footmen are spoken of. I did not think of it at the time, but it came into my mind, when you asked me to find out illustrations. It is at the 5th verse—'If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?' You see from this text they must have had running-footmen in those days just as they have now; but I don't understand the passage: what does it mean?"

"I think it means, that if little difficulties deter us, we need not expect to overcome when great ones arise. And applying the passage as an illustration of the life of faith, may it not teach us this lesson, that those who grow weary of running the Christian course, and who give up striving against their sins, will be in a sad case when their last hour comes, and they must die, or, to use Scripture language, when they enter upon the swellings of Jordan?"

Percy looked very grave as Miss Tyrrwhitt spoke. "I shall think of that," he said, "when I see the running-footmen again."

"And you have often remarked, have you not, the evenness of their course, and how unweariedly they run for a long time together? Let us, then, learn from them to 'run with patience the race that is before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' " *

"My next subject," continued Miss Tyrrwhitt, "is the manner in which the women here carry their children on their shoulder, which is, I find, a Scripture custom. In the 49th chapter of Isaiah, and at

* Heb. xii. 1, 2.

the 22d verse, it is written, 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will lift up mine hand to the Gentiles, and set up my standard to the people: and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders.'

"I had no idea when we began," said Percy, "that we could have found so many illustrations of the Bible; and I have still another for you, Miss Tyrrwhitt."

"And I have two more," replied Kate; "but let me hear yours first."

"It is that of the sheep following the shepherd; and I think this is the nicest of all we have yet got. The other day, when papa and I were riding down the Shoobra road, a large flock of sheep came along, and at their head walked the shepherd; and the sheep heard his voice when he spoke, and followed him, just as we read in the Bible: and he had a lamb, too, in his arms. The poor little thing was perhaps tired with going along the dusty road, so the kind shepherd took it up and carried it. I have not got a *text* for this illustration, but a whole chapter; can you guess which it is, Miss Tyrrwhitt?"

"Yes, Percy, I think I can," she replied, smiling; "shall we read it together?"

"Willingly," replied the boy ; and turning to the 10th chapter of John's Gospel, they read aloud that most beautiful portion of God's Word which describes so well the love of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, towards those for whom He laid down His life. When they had finished, Kate asked Percy to turn to the 40th chapter of Isaiah, and to read aloud the 11th verse, which also referred to the same subject. Percy did so, and read those words, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

The return of Mr Gordon and his sister from church put an end to the conversation for the present ; but they agreed to resume the subject at another time, and each promised meanwhile to search diligently, during their out-of-door excursions, for more Scripture illustrations. They had found the work so interesting, that they felt unwilling to let it drop.

CHAPTER XIII

ARAB WEDDINGS.

KATE was sitting out on the balcony one afternoon enjoying the mild air, and amusing herself by watching the different groups scattered here and there among the trees of the Ezbekiah. Greek priests, Turka, Albanians, with their red jackets and leggings, and full white petticoats; Nubian slaves and Arab women, carrying on their heads jars of Nile water,—all passed in rapid succession before her eyes. How pleasant she felt it to be sitting there inhaling the soft air, and how full of grateful joy was her heart, as it went out in thanksgivings to her heavenly Father for His many mercies to her since her arrival in this foreign land; renewed health of body causing new hope and energy to spring up within her! Just then, Jessie came and announced a visitor, Mr Harry Dean. "Who can that be?" she thought; and, stepping into the drawing-room, she

turned to her companion to ask for more information about Eastern marriages.

"Is it true," she said, "that no Arab woman ever sees her husband till the day she is carried a bride to his house?"

"Quite true, Miss Tyrrwhitt; but as it has been the custom from time immemorial, our women do not feel it so much as you English ladies would imagine. In happy England, the wife is the companion and helpmate of her husband; in my poor country our women are little more than slaves, and the husband never dreams of considering whether the character and disposition of the woman he is about to marry be suitable to his own."

"It is a sad state of things, Mr Haradin; I don't think this country will ever improve until woman is exalted in the social scale."

"I quite agree with you; for man, by degrading woman, becomes himself more and more degraded. It is to Christianity that you women of Europe are indebted for your position; but this, you know, is a Mohammedan country."

Haradin looked sad as he spoke, and Miss Tyrrwhitt, fearing to wound his feelings by dwelling longer on the theme, returned to the subject of the

procession they had just witnessed, and asked if the bride belonged to the higher class of society.

"No," he replied; "she is probably the daughter of some tradesman: those of the upper ranks go in carriages."

"Oh, then, I daresay it was a marriage procession I saw yesterday without knowing it; I could not imagine what it was. We were going down the Shoobra road, and five or six fine carriages passed us, one of them quite covered with beautiful Cashmere shawls, and I saw ladies peeping out at the windows. I asked my donkey-boy what it was, and he said, a fantasia."

"We had just such a set of carriages when my sister, Fatimah, married last year."

"Do tell me about it, Mr Haradin!"

"There is not much to tell; the whole affair was begun and ended in a week: before that time I had never even seen my intended brother-in-law."

Kate looked rather amazed at this.

"But I knew his character well," continued Mr Haradin; "otherwise he never should have had my sister. The way it came about was this: The mother of Saladin Bey came to us one day, and said—'I want one of your sisters for my son.' As I knew

the family were highly respected in Cairo, I was well pleased, and asked which sister she wished. 'Let me see them all,' she said. So my wife took her to the women's apartment, and introduced her to my three sisters. Fatimah was the eldest; but as she is very plain-looking, I thought there was no chance of her being chosen, which I regretted, as she is by far the best-tempered of our family, but this was not likely to appear in the course of a forenoon's visit. The old lady, however, must have had more penetration than I gave her credit for, since she fixed on Fatimah, and to this day remains quite pleased with her choice. Two days afterwards, some of the friends of Saladin came to sign the marriage-contract, and to ask me what sum I would receive for my sister. My English education made me revolt from this, it looked so like selling her. However, it is a matter of law here, so I fixed a sum, and then sent off for embroidered handkerchiefs, sherbet, &c., to give the guests who were to assemble the next day at my house."

"Both ladies and gentlemen?" asked Kata.

"Oh no! only ladies came to my wife, while the bridegroom entertained a party of gentlemen at his house. In the evening, the carriages came, and Fatimah went off to her new home, escorted by a great

many of her female friends ; and there, in the new hareem, they held their festivities, while the bridegroom down-stairs was entertaining *his* guests."

"And is there no religious ceremony?"

"No ; the signing of the marriage-contract is all the ceremony we have."

"Kate, Kate ! you are sitting out there too late ; the sun is setting," exclaimed a friendly voice, and the kind face of Mrs Nichol appeared.

"Ah, Mr Haradin, I am delighted to see you ! You have been a great stranger of late."

"I have been very busy," he replied, leaving the balcony, and taking a seat beside Mrs Nichol ; "but I hope to have more leisure now, and to be able to come oftener to see you."

"The oftener the better," replied Mrs Nichol.

"Miss Tyrwhitt and I have been looking at a marriage procession," resumed Mr Haradin.

"We saw it also from the garden," said Mrs Nichol. "My brother and I have been sitting out there under the trees for the last hour."

"Do the women *never* take off those veils they wear over their faces?" asked Percy, who had also been an amused spectator of the marriage scene.

"They take them off at home," replied Mr Hara-

din, "but never out-of-doors; for no man in this country may look on a woman's face, save her husband."

"But what do they do when they are sick? Is the doctor not allowed to see them?"

"I can answer your question, Percy," said Mrs Nichol; "for Dr Bertin, who was here this morning, told me an anecdote which is quite to the point. He was called in a few weeks ago to attend the wife of one of the pashas, and he found her in bed veiled. He said he must see her face, otherwise he could not prescribe for her; but that, he was told, was impossible. He then insisted on at least being allowed to see her tongue. After some demur, this was agreed to, and he was requested to retire till the lady should be ready. He accordingly withdrew to another room, and soon after was ushered in again, and found some slaves holding a magnificent Cashmere shawl, richly embroidered with gold, over his patient's whole person. A hole had been cut in the centre of the shawl, and through this protruded the lady's tongue! He said it was the most ridiculous sight possible, and that he had much ado to keep his gravity."

Percy laughed heartily at this anecdote, and said

he thought it must have been a very funny sight indeed; while Kate bewailed the destruction of the fine Cashmere shawl.

During tea, Haradin entertained the party with some account of his travels in England; and the subject of travelling soon becoming general, each related little adventures which had befallen them in the various countries they had visited.

"You must give Mr Haradin some account of your amusing trip into Spain," said Mr Gordon, addressing Kate.

"Yes, but not this evening," said Mrs Nichol, replying for her friend. "Kate has spoken quite enough to-night for an invalid; but the next time Mr Haradin favours us with his company, I am sure she will be happy to relate it."

"With pleasure," said Kate; "but, after all, it was no very great adventure."

Mr Haradin now took leave, gracefully touching his breast and forehead with his hand as he retired, and saying to Kate, in true Oriental fashion, "Hal-lit al aina Barakah!"—(Now indeed have blessings attended us!)

To which she replied in like courteous phrase, "Anis toona"—(Your visit affords much social joy.)

The next morning Kate took some friends, who had just arrived in Egypt, to see the Citadel ; and in returning they stopped to admire the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, which is considered to be the finest in Cairo. It has a lofty and beautifully-ornamented porch, rich cornices adorning its high walls, a spacious court, and handsome minaret. The people of Cairo tell a story about this mosque, to the effect that the king ordered the hand of the architect to be cut off, in order to prevent his building any other that should vie with it ; but for the truth of this we cannot vouch.

As they entered the Ezbekiah, they met a bride's trousseau being carried home on the back of a camel. It consisted of an enormous green box, various articles of furniture, and quilts and bedding—the camel who bore it arching his neck and turning up his nose at the passers-by, whom he evidently considered creatures of a race inferior to himself. Miss Tyrrwhitt's friend thought this supercilious look on the animal's countenance must be peculiar to trousseaux-bearing camels ; but Kate assured her that every camel in Egypt had the same conceited expression, but what occasioned it, was to her a complete mystery.





THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.—Page 138.

CHAPTER XIV.

REMINISCENCES OF SPAIN.

MR HARADIN did not suffer many days to elapse ere he paid another visit to our friends in the Ezbekiah. He was a lover of that pleasant beverage which Britain's daughters—to say nothing of her sons—love so well, and a lover too of those animated conversations which, after a hard day's work, are best to be enjoyed in the society of ladies round the social tea-table.

"I hope you will fulfil your promise, this evening, of telling us something about your trip into Spain," he said, addressing Kate.

"Willingly," she replied, "if you are prepared for a long story, which, I warn you beforehand, is likely to prove prosaic, when related in a spot so full of poetry and romance as 'the City of Delights,' 'the City of Victory'—'Cairo the Magnificent!'"

"After such praise of the city of my fathers,"

replied the polite Haradin, "what can I say, save Yissal ela manzalna 'amar min haza al yoam!"—(The timbers of my house will be stronger from this day.)

Kate laughed, bowed, and commenced her narrative.

"I spent last summer," she said, "in the pretty little town of Luz, amid the gorgeous scenery of the Pyrenees. We were a large and merry party, and in the habit of making occasional excursions to the different places of interest in the neighbourhood. On a sultry afternoon, in the month of July, one of our party, Miss Haydn, suddenly exclaimed, 'We must go and see the Cirque of Gavarnie!' 'Agreed,' rejoined every one. 'Agreed,' said I; but having had from time immemorial an intense desire to go further and plant my feet on Spanish ground, I seized on 'Murray,' and read aloud how an interesting excursion might be made to Busaruelo, the first Spanish village beyond the Pyrenees; then, casting my eyes on the map, I found that a place called Torla lay at but a short distance, and would form a charming limit to our proposed expedition. This I made known to the party, who all agreed; and, accordingly, horses and guides were hired, and the morning of Thursday the 15th fixed on for the attempt. We had no gentle-

men to escort us, but our spirits were brave and our hopes high ; so we smiled disdainfully when the thought crossed our minds that a gentleman or two might be necessary, and heroically determined to trust to the faith of our guides, and the high chivalry of the Don Quixotes of Spain.

“ At an early hour on Wednesday night we retired to repose, but our spirits were too high to admit of sleep. Morpheus was nowhere to be found, and in his stead, wild visions of Spain and romance sat on our pillows, and whispered in our ears, till the clock struck the hour of three, when we all got up, and with frantic eagerness rushed to our respective windows. Alas for our hopes ! A thick mist completely enveloped the mountains, and the sky was a myth. Mist above, mist below, mist around, was the order of the day. ‘ What do you think ? ’ screamed out Miss Haydn. ‘ It will clear off,’ replied Julie, who, being of a romantic age, saw everything in *couleurs de rose*. ‘ O Spain ! ’ groaned out I ; while Mrs Dale, who, though not to be of the party, took a lively interest in our affairs, tore open her eyelids, and, stepping out on to her balcony, declared she thought it would clear up if we would only give it time. The two Misses Carlysle, emerging from their dormitories

attired in elegant dressing-gowns, joined in the consultation.

“At four o'clock our guides, Michel and La Rose, made their appearance, leading five melancholy-looking horses, who gazed sleepily up at the mountains, and sighed—neighed, I mean. ‘What think you of the weather, Michel?’ we asked; Michel shook his head—‘Vraiment je ne sais pas, mesdames.’ ‘If it does not rain, it will be fine weather,’ wisely remarked La Rose. All at once the mist rolled half way down the mountains, in strange, black-looking masses, leaving visible a beautifully clear sky. Up flew our hopes; but, alas! in a few minutes up flew the mist too, and the day, it was dark and dreary. Things continued so long in this state, that we at length told the guides to return at three in the afternoon, when, weather permitting, we should make another attempt; and in the meantime, feeling too wretched to go back to bed, we swallowed a cup of coffee, and, sending for a couple of donkeys, set off to have a quiet ride.

“Several times in the course of the day the mist cleared away, but ever and anon returned, and, about two o'clock, a storm of thunder and rain came on, which quite dashed all our hopes of being able to

start; so, throwing ourselves on sofas and easy-chairs, with books and work, we prepared for a *yawny* afternoon, feeling it at least a week since we had got up that morning. But if human hopes are often deceptive, so are also human fears: the storm departed, benevolently taking along with it mist, cloud, and darkness, and leaving a blue sky and cheery sun, to cause the buds of hope to expand and blossom anew.

“ Michel reappeared—‘ Mesdames, il faut partir ;’ and with smiles of delight, we hastened to don our riding-habits—all, save poor Miss Haydn, who, not being strong, and having passed a wretched night and a weary day, felt so utterly exhausted, that for her to go was entirely out of the question; nevertheless, unselfish to the last, she insisted on our going, kindly remarking that the thought of our pleasure would make up for her own disappointment. Mrs Dale, ever ready to minister to the happiness of the dwellers beneath her roof, at once proposed to accompany and matronise the party; so with a mingled feeling of joy at going, and sorrow at leaving our clever, cheerful friend behind, off we started—a noble cavalcade, consisting of our hostess, three tall, elegant young ladies, my little self, and our two stalwart guides.

“We took the road to Gavarnie, passing by that beautiful little spot, the Baths of St Sauveur, whose white houses were gleaming amid a mass of dark-green foliage. On we went through defiles, whose beauty was beyond description, and over mountains, whose grandeur was far beyond what I had any conception of—peak after peak rising up before us in endless and varied succession; here a lovely valley, with a sprinkling of shepherds’ huts; there, a savage spot, where masses of stone, each of an enormous bulk, lay scattered about, as if giants had been at play, and made the place, what its name imports, a perfect ‘chaos.’ On we went, through narrow defiles, with the rush of imprisoned torrents in our ears, and the exquisite forms of the various peaks delighting our eyes; on we went, till the village of Gavarnie came in view, with that wondrous work of God enclosing it around, and forming the boundary which separates France from Spain, the far-famed Cirque of Gavarnie.

“Soon after reaching the village it became dark, so we delicate ones of the party partook of supper, well served up at the clean little inn, and then went to bed, leaving the stronger ones to walk up to the Cirque.

"The next morning was cloudless and beautiful, and at an early hour we mounted, and recommenced our journey. To one who, like myself, had never ridden save on a level road, it was something dreadful to see the precipices I was expected to go up, and the depths profound to which I was equally expected to descend. There was no help for it, however; so entreating La Rose to keep beside me, and leave the braver ones of the party to their fate, (Miss Carlysle, being timid, laid entire claim to Michel), I put a brave face on matters, bid my coward heart keep quiet, and with a feeling of horribly anxious pleasure continued our route. For upwards of an hour we kept the grand Cirque, with its glaciers and its eternal snows, in view, and then, winding round along the bases, sides, and summits of countless mountains, we pursued our way towards the Port D'Espagne, a mass of snow which lies on the summit of the last of the French range. I had somehow had an idea that, on arriving at this wished-for snowy barrier, I should see Spain lying stretched out before me, very much as one sees it on the map, with Madrid and the various towns scattered over it, and the Douro, Tagus, Guadalquivir, &c., calmly meandering through its plains! Nay, I doubt whether I did not expect to

get a glimpse of the renowned Alhambra in the distance! Grievous, therefore, would have been my disappointment on reaching the top to find nothing of the kind visible, had the scene that met our delighted gaze been otherwise than it was. The horses had no sooner planted their feet on the summit, and paused to take breath, than the Spanish range burst upon our view. Oh, how beautiful! The most magnificent elevations, the grandest forms, the snowy peaks glittering in the midday sun, formed a spectacle which filled the soul with awe, and lifted it up with a feeling of glad solemnity to Him of whom it is written—'The strength of the hills is His also.'

"After a short delay, we commenced the descent, and again the timid heart (forgive me, dear companions of my tour, I speak for myself only,) began to quail as it saw the astounding places it had to go down, seated on the back of its amazed steed. My horse, which rejoiced in the name of Pettitoes, had two peculiarities in its composition—it bit whatever horse was before it, and kicked whatever horse was behind it. This, together with the apprehension (to give it a mild name) that beamed from my countenance, and the dismay with which I regarded La Rose every time he ventured to go near any of the

rest of the party, (amiable !) must have made me rather an unpleasant neighbour ; but our friends were compassionate, and I contrived as much as possible to keep the post of ignoble safety, and bring up the rear-guard.

“It was about eleven o'clock when we reached Busarnelo, (Bucheran, the French call it,) an insignificant hamlet, consisting of three huts ; but then it was in Spain ! The guard-house we entered to repose in for an hour was very dirty to look at—pigs and donkeys below, carbineros smoking above ; but then it was Spain ! The landlady had Chinese tails hanging from her head, and the children's faces were unwashed ; but they all spoke Spanish ! Yes, pure and beautiful Castilian did it sound in our entranced ears, and, proud of exercising the knowledge I had acquired during four months' lessons at Pau, I began to talk with a volubility which, if it did not enlighten our fair hostess, afforded myself, at least, an intense gratification. My worthy preceptor, the abbé, had fortunately made me learn by heart a story, in which some robbers are represented as saying—‘ We are hungry, and must have something to eat ;’ the which speech produced such good results, that I determined to try the same plan ; so, walking up to

our hostess, I began—‘*Tenemos hambre, es preciso tener algo que comer.*’ This acted like magic, and we had soon a flask of good wine, and some excellent bread, to satisfy our appetites.

“After our repast we recommenced our journey, escorted by a *carbinero*, musket on shoulder. Ah, it was pleasant work now, for every step we took was on Spanish ground, and the *carbinero*, a native of Madrid, kept pouring forth a torrent of the beautiful language; so, forgetting alike fright and weariness, on we trudged, over a road whose badness it is impossible to do justice to, but through scenes of surpassing grandeur and beauty. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when we came in sight of Torla, a small town, as much among the mountains as the pretty town of Luz, and not at all in the plains of that Spain I had in my mind's eye, the Spain of the Atlas! And now, for truth must out, woeful was the sight of this the first Spanish town our eyes had rested on! Black, black, and dingy it looked; its streets narrow, precipitous affairs overlaid with enormous stones, which the poor horses could scarcely pass over; houses destitute of windows, blackened and musty-looking, met our gaze.

"The whole inhabitants turned out at our approach, while the children ran away in a fright, as if the sight of civilised beings was unknown among them. Dirty men and women, pigs and hens, in beautiful confusion were there—alas! we had dreamed of a very different state of things! 'This street leads to the Douane,' suddenly exclaimed our friend of the musket; and darting up a sheer precipice, he was soon lost to view, leaving us to follow at the risk of our necks. Aided by our guides, the horses at length managed the perilous ascent of this so-called *street*, and stood still before the door of a large house, with a paved court and wooden balcony. A rather gentlemanly, but very un-Spanish-looking Spaniard came forward, smoking a cigarette.

" 'Is this the *posada*' (inn)? said I, the honourable office of interpreter being mine.

" 'No, *señorita*,' replied the man, civilly, touching his cap.

" 'Where is the *fonda*,' asked I, varying the word, lest I should have offended his dignity, for a *fonda* is a superior kind of inn to the *posada*.

" 'No hay *fondas* en esta villa, (there are no inns in this town,) *señorita*.'

“ ‘No inns!’ exclaimed I, in horror; ‘where then do strangers lodge when they come here?’

“ ‘Strangers never do come here,’ said he of the pipe, calmly.

“ I groaned inwardly.

“ ‘What does he say?’ eagerly asked the others. ‘Is this the inn?’ ‘Are we to stay here?’

“ I explained; and the consternation was so great, that it affected my risible nerves, and I burst out into an anguish of laughter. The chef of the Douane looked a little astonished, but said nothing, he only smoked on, and I laughed on, quite unable to stop. Yes, it was a fact, there was no inn in the town, no time to go back the same day, nothing but the unknown extent of Spain before us; and not being possessed of Christopher Columbus’s energetic overcoming of all difficulties in the way of discovery, there we stood, five helpless women, with a chef de Douane smoking his pipe!

“ Our guides had disappeared, horses and all, and the carbinero was invisible. We were certainly in Spain now! I hope we were happy. If laughter, which no sense of propriety could stop, be a proof of it, I was in a state of ecstatic joy!

“‘Can you speak French?’ I at length asked the chef.

“‘No, señorita; no one in Torla can speak French.’

“Back I went to my Spanish. ‘Can we get beds here, camas limpias (clean beds)?’

“A shrug of the shoulders.

“‘We have come to see Spain,’ said I, insinuatingly.

“‘There is nothing to be seen in Torla, señorita; no one ever comes to see it.’

“‘I found it in Murray and on the map,’ remarked I, in an exculpatory tone of voice, turning to my tired and miserable sisters in affliction.

“Four groans was all the answer I received, when suddenly a pleasant-looking woman came down-stairs, and to her I betook myself; and at length it was settled that we should all have beds, and food to boot. This was the removing of a great stone from our hearts, and from my conscience, having been the chief instigator to the deed; so up-stairs we went, and into an immense salon, with stone floor, high-backed wooden chairs, evidently made with a view to doing penance, and most antediluvian-looking armoires, richly carved, and a painted ceiling. From

this salon opened a series of bedrooms, all furnished in an antique style, and having beds which seemed to be, what the landlady declared they were, ' muy limpias (very clean).'

"Throwing ourselves down on beds, and chairs, we tried to rest, and to look at the bright side of things. Presently the chef came in with a guitar, followed by a pale-looking youth, whom he introduced as the schoolmaster of Torla, who carried a small instrument, named a mandurfa; and sitting down, they began to serenade us. They played remarkably well, cachuchas, &c., and then offered to escort us to see the church, an old building, which they said had once been a military fortress.' The interior of the building was much like other Romish places of worship—artificial flowers, tawdrily-dressed dolls to represent the Virgin Mary, and some mediocre paintings. An old priest shewed us, with great apparent pride and satisfaction, the magnificent garments, velvet and silk, with which he was wont to attire himself on grand occasions; while the schoolmaster, ascending to the organ-loft, began to play a set of very lively polkas! This caused us great dismay, thinking that the priest would be shocked at such desecration; but he seemed quite contented,

and said he was pleased that the strangers should hear the organ. The schoolmaster informed us that he had fifty children under his care ; and when a Spanish copy of the Gospel of Matthew was offered to him, he received it very willingly, as did also one or two others to whom we gave copies. May God hasten the day when His holy Word shall be permitted a free circulation through that dark land !

“ On our return to our lodgings, as we were sitting resting, we heard the sound of horses’ feet, and, lo and behold, two English gentlemen rode into the court ! They turned out to be friends of ours, who, happening to pass through Luz, had heard of our expedition, and immediately set off to join us if possible. One was, Mr Du Mesnil, the son of an excellent French pastor ; and the other, an English friend with whom he was travelling. Our joy was great at this opportune arrival, and a load was lifted from our minds, now that we forlorn damsels had knights to take care of us in this our novel position. Dinner was now brought in ; but oh, what a dinner ! The gods talk of their nectar and ambrosia ; but for poor mortals, and especially for poor mortals in Spain, something very different is provided. Everything,

without exception, tasted of cinnamon. Mr Du Mesnil, who had been in Spain before, suggested that it was oil—bad oil—which imparted the peculiar flavour ; but whatever it was, it seemed to have been freely used in the concoction of every dish—soup, fowls, omelette, cheese, and, finally, coffee—all *à la* cinnamon, or *à la* rancid oil. The bread, however, was good, and so was the wine ; so we managed at least to still the cravings of hunger.

“ After dinner, the chef announced that he and his friend the schoolmaster would serenade us again. As we all felt excessively tired, we would rather have declined the offered civility ; but they had treated us so kindly, and were so polite, that we thought it better to accept ; and in a few minutes they were seated, sweeping over the strings of their instruments to their heart’s content ; the schoolmaster wearing a rapt expression of countenance which it is impossible to describe, and which sent us off into fits of laughter, that we tried in vain to hide. Presently, Mrs Dale, who was stationed at the window, saw a couple of Spaniards, nicely dressed, and accompanied by two women, come into the court with a hop-and-skip step, which unmistakably announced their intention of dancing. In they walked, made their bows, and then

advancing to the centre of the room, began a series of evolutions, which our host informed us was the jota dance. Sometimes their movements were grave and stately, and then brisk and lively, like our Highland reels. The women had an air of imperturbable gravity about them, which was highly diverting. They wore short, dark petticoats, and cotton handkerchiefs half covering their dark hair. The men had dark blue velvet knee-breeches, broad purple sashes round their waists, and purple stockings with sandals, the leathern bands of which were crossed half-way up the calf of the leg. The guitarists accompanied them remarkably well ; but every now and then the school-master, who had a most atrocious voice, screamed out a few bars of a song, in a way which perfectly electrified us, but which seemed to impart double energy to the dancers. When the dance was over, one of the men gracefully approached Mrs Dale, and with a bow invited her to become his partner, which offer she as gracefully declined ; and after they had drank to our healths in a bumper of Spanish wine, they bowed, and retired.

“ It certainly was a strange scene. The large old-fashioned room, with its stone floor and painted ceiling—the picturesquely-attired Spaniards—the ring-

ing sound of the guitars, and the constant entrance and exit of not only all the inhabitants of the house, but numbers of the people of the town—men, women, and children, besides sundry dogs and cats, which appeared to take as lively an interest in the goings-on as did the others! At length the musicians paused, and I seized the opportunity to tell them how much obliged we felt for their civilities, at the same time gently insinuating that we were much fatigued, and wished to retire to rest. This was quite necessary, for the schoolmaster's look of inspiration deepened as he continued to play; and had he not been thus stopped, I verily believe he would have gone on till the morrow's sun gave warning to begin the duties of his school. Taking our hint in good part, they left us with the words, 'Hasta mañana'—(Till to-morrow).

"But now, again, our troubles began, for the landlady, declaring she had no rooms for the gentlemen, commenced placing a shake-down on the salon-floor. This would have been all very well, had it not been that the room intended for three of our party was in fact nothing save a recess of the salon, a curtain alone separating it from public view. There was, however, no help for it; and our dismay reached its

height, on finding that the chef's room, which opened out from Mrs Dale's and mine, had no other entrance, so that he must inevitably pass through it on his way to his own. 'Send him to bed at once,' suggested one of our friends; but as no one had courage to order a Spaniard to bed, *nolens volens*, we contented ourselves with begging the gentlemen to give us due notice of his coming; then, bidding each other 'buenas noche,' we retired.

"Much has been written and said of the filthiness of Spanish inns, and doubtless with truth; but for the honour of this Douanier of Torla, I must declare that the beds were beautifully clean, and nothing occurred to disturb our slumbers. Some time after midnight our door gently opened, a quick step was heard traversing the floor, and the next moment the dusky shade of the chef vanished at the opposite door; and shortly thereafter the household was buried in profound repose. We were awoke betimes by a most musical concert of the braying of donkeys, the screaming of cats, the neighing of horses, and the cackling of hens. Up we started, to find a beautiful morning arising from the eastern hills, and spreading a mantle of beauty over the fair scenes amid which we found ourselves; and pleasant

it was to read our morning psalm in the view of mountains, which reminded us of the power and faithfulness of our God—our covenant God, who has said—‘Yea, the mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, yet shall not my loving-kindness depart from thee.’ After swallowing a cup of very weak tea, we paid our bill, (forty-two francs for us all,) distributed a few Testaments, mounted our chargers, and, bidding a smiling adieu to the groups assembled to see us depart, cantered off, their repeated ‘Vaya ustedes con Dios’* sounding sweetly in our ears. Our homeward way led through the same scenes of magnificence we had already traversed; and by the good hand of our God upon us, we reached home late in the evening, safe in life and limb, and with most pleasing feelings of gratification at this our first visit to Spain.

“After our return to Luz, we found ourselves looked upon as perfect wonders, from having so boldly conceived and carried out an expedition such as this, which no lady before had ever been known to have accomplished, nor gentleman either, as far as we could discover.”

“Bravo!” exclaimed Haradin, when Kate ceased

* Go with God.

speaking. "I only hope that the next excursion you make you will allow me to be of the party."

Kate was about to reply, but was stopped by Mrs Nichol, who forbade her opening her lips for at least a week to come.

"I cannot afford to have you laid up," she said, "seeing that we have Heliopolis and Suez still to visit."

At the charmed sound of Heliopolis, Kate became mute, while visions of the Red Sea crowded into her imagination, and put Spain and the Pyrenees into complete oblivion.

CHAPTER XV.

A VISIT TO THE DERWISHES.

"SHALL we go and see the derwishes?" asked Mr Gordon. "I have heard a good deal about them, and have some curiosity to see what sort of exhibition the thing is."

"The dancing-derwishes do you mean?" replied Mrs Nichol.

"No; there are, it seems, no dancing-derwishes in Cairo, but there are howling or whirling ones; and this being Friday, they hold their—I really don't know what to call them, whether services, rites, or revels; the Arabic word for it is Zikr."

"Is not Friday their Sunday, papa?" said Percy.

"Yes, it is the Mohammedan Sunday."

"I think we had better not take Percy with us, my dear," said Mrs Nichol to her brother. "If he were to laugh at their performance, he might be ill-used by them."

"I have heard, too, that it is a very painful sight," said Miss Tyrwhitt; "and, to a boy of Percy's imaginative temperament, it might be injurious."

"I think you are right," replied Mr Gordon; "so, Percy, my boy, you must amuse yourself as you best can till we return."

"Oh, never mind me!" said Percy; "I shall be quite as happy spinning my top as you will be seeing those fellows cutting capers."

Thomas was then sent for a carriage, and they drove off to Old Cairo, the place where the derwishes met. The hour of the service not having arrived, our friends seated themselves on a bench beneath the shade of a fine large tree in the court of the building, where, as soon as their presence was perceived, they were served with coffee by one of the derwishes. He wore a high conical cap, and came forward with a graceful salaam, presenting the beverage in small china cups, placed within little egg-shaped brass holders.

At two o'clock precisely, the visitors were told they might now enter the mosque. It was a large circular building, the floor matted, and light admitted through a number of small windows high up in the roof. About fifty men were squatted on the

ground in a large ring, some dressed in the ordinary Arab costume, others with high red caps, and one or two with green turbans. One venerable-looking old man sat in the centre of the ring, his white beard flowing over his breast. As our friends entered, the derwishes began to sing, or rather chant out the words, "Allah ! Allah !" (God ! God !) bending their bodies backwards and forwards as they did so. At length, but not till Miss Tyrwhitt, who was gazing at them in quiet wonder, thought that their strength must be quite exhausted, they suddenly ceased, and one of their number rising, began to sing what our party conjectured to be a song of praise. It was a wild, melancholy ditty, and almost endless in its duration. When he ceased, the chant was resumed, and this time with greater energy and increased action of the body. Two or three of them then began to play on reeds, the singer recommencing his song. By degrees the whole group became considerably excited, and, stopping the monotonous "Allah ! Allah !" began to breathe heavily, till the sound resembled the snorting of a wild beast. Mr Gordon thought he distinguished the word "noor" (light) repeated at this part of the performance. One, who was evidently a chief man or priest among them,

stood in the centre clapping his hands and exciting them on. Louder and louder waxed the snorting sound, and more and more frantic became the rapid swaying of their bodies to and fro, till the onlookers began to gaze in utter consternation, wondering what would be the end of such a scene.

"My dear," whispered Mrs Nichol to Miss Tyrrwhitt, "I feel as if I were going out of my mind. What *can* those people's back-bones be made of, that they don't break with such dreadful movements!"

Miss Tyrrwhitt first laughed, and then nearly cried. Such a painful exhibition she had never before witnessed; and while at one moment she could have wept as she looked at the poor degraded creatures, who thought they were doing God service by their frantic worship, the next instant the strange snorting sound and ridiculous motions acted painfully on her risible faculties. Two or three men now seized some tambourines, which they commenced beating, and others began to scream aloud.

"Look at those children," said Mr Gordon, pointing to the opposite end of the room.

Mrs Nichol looked, and saw with deep sorrow four little children, of from six to nine years of age,

all in the circle, who were assiduously imitating their elders, and if possible exceeding them in their mad movements.

"Poor babes!" she said, "is this the training they are getting for eternity? May the Lord have pity on those misguided creatures! they are making themselves worse than the beasts that perish."

When the exhibition had lasted rather more than an hour, it came to a sudden close—but one man continued to scream and move his body about, till at length he fell down in a fit—and, with heavy hearts, Mr Gordon and his party left the building.

"Truly," said Miss Tyrrwhitt, "this is a bodily exercise which profiteth little."

"I am glad we did not bring Percy," said Mr Gordon; "the boy would not have slept for a week after such a sight as we have seen to-day."

"I expected them to spin round and round," said Kate, "as Mr Lane describes it, but they did not do so."

"No," replied Mr Gordon; "I was disappointed also, for I fully expected the spinning movement; but I fancy they occasionally vary the Zikr. To-day we had the howling performance."

"I hope you don't mean to return?" said Mrs Nichol.

"Not I," he replied; "I have had quite enough of it, and think it too melancholy an exhibition to seek its repetition."

As they drove home, Mr Gordon called Kate's attention to a man who was passing along.

"Look," he said, "there is an Arab with a kneading-trough bound upon his shoulders, just as you read of in the Bible, when it tells of the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt."

Kate looked at it with much interest; and on her return told Percy of this new illustration of Scripture, reading to him the verse in which the kneading-trough is mentioned:—"And the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders."

"What sort of bread do the poor of this country eat?" said Percy.

"Not a very nice kind," replied Kate, "if we may judge from the specimens of it which I have seen being sold about the streets."

"Do you mean that dark brown stuff we saw the other day?"

"Yes ; it is made of millet."

"And papa says," continued Percy, "that they eat rice steeped in rancid butter, and boiled horse-beans with oil. Is it not disgusting?"

"It appears so to us, Percy ; but I have noticed our Arab cook eating just such a mess with great apparent relish. In summer, however, they have all sorts of fruit in abundance."

"You told me," said Percy, "that you had found two more illustrations of Scripture ; will you tell me them now?"

"Willingly. One is about the ornaments which the women here wear. Did you remark how many rings and bracelets that woman had on whom we saw coming from the Nile with her water-jar?"

"Indeed I did, Miss Tyrrwhitt ; for she had more than I ever saw before on one person. She had rings in her ears, bracelets on her arms, a large ring through her nose, and little tinkling anklets, which sounded like a bell when she walked ; besides, I don't know how many silver coins on her forehead, and strings of ugly beads round her neck."

"Well, now, Percy, read the description of women's ornaments, which you will find in the 3d chapter of Isaiah, at the 18th verse."

Percy looked up the passage, and read as follows :
—"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." "What a number of ornaments ! But what are mufflers, Miss Tyrrwhitt ?"

"They are spangled ornaments ; and the 'bonnet' there mentioned, should, I believe, have been translated turban, or head-dress."

"And your other illustration ; what is it ?"

"It refers to the watchers of the city. Don't you remember how they disturbed us in Alexandria ?"

"Oh, yes ! Papa told me they went about all night to guard the city."

"If you turn to the 62d chapter of Isaiah you will find mention made of them."

Percy soon found the verse, and read—"I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which

shall never hold their peace day nor night." And then he read another passage from the 127th Psalm—"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

"That last was a very necessary reminder to give the Jews," said Miss Tyrrwhitt, "for they were constantly forgetting the Lord, and putting their trust in an arm of flesh."

"And I suspect," said Mrs Nichol, who happened to be present, "that we need the caution as much as the Jews."

"We do indeed," replied Kate; "and now, Percy, my illustrations are at an end; have *you* got any more?"

"No," said the boy, "not one; but I think that we have found a good many altogether:" and he began to enumerate them—"The dogs; the running-footmen; the sheep following the shepherd; the lattices; the watchman; and the women's ornaments. Are those all?"

"No; you have forgotten the children borne on the shoulders, and the kneading-trough."

"Ah, so I have! Well, that makes eight in all—I did not expect to find so many when we began; and I have no doubt that, were we to remain a long time in Egypt, we should find many more."

"Can you tell me, Miss Tyrrwhitt, whether the Arabs believe in our Bible?"

"I do not know if they believe it all, Percy; but they certainly do believe parts of it—such as the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels—which, however, they think have been so very much altered as to be unworthy of implicit faith. The Koran has, with them, superseded the Word of God."

"And what, then, do Mohammedans think of our Saviour?"

"They call Him a prophet and an apostle, but consider Him to be inferior in dignity to Mohammed; yet, with a strange contradiction, they believe that He will come again to this earth to establish the Mohammedan religion."

"I wonder they do not rather give that honour to their own prophet. Do they pray to Mohammed, as we Christians do to Christ?"

"No; some persons suppose so, but it is a mistake. They occasionally invoke his intercession; but it is to God alone that their prayers are addressed. In a Mohammedan's religion, prayer, fasting, alms-giving, and pilgrimage, are considered as the most important of all duties."

"I think fasting must be the hardest work of all

for Mr Haradin told me one day, that in the month of Ramadan (their great time for fasting), they dare neither eat, drink, nor smoke."

"What! for a whole month, Percy? I should think very few of them would be alive at the end of it."

"No, no," said Percy, laughing; "I don't mean that they don't touch food for a month, but from sunrise until sunset of each day. He says they have a grand dinner after sunset."

"I believe, though, that many keep the fast so strictly as to injure their health seriously, and some in delicate health have even been known to die from it."

"Poor creatures," said Percy; "I pity them."

"We must pray that a brighter day may arise for the poor Mohammedans, Percy. It is sad to know that their fastings and pilgrimages profit them as little as those strange rites, which we witnessed to-day, do the Derwishes."

CHAPTER XVI

HISTORICAL

"WHAT a very intelligent man our friend Haradin is!" remarked Mrs Nichol, as, seated on the divan, she plied her needle, and chatted with Kate.

"I have seldom met one more so," replied Miss Tyrrwhitt; "he seems acquainted with every subject that happens to be brought forward in conversation."

"I wish I had him here just now," said Percy; "I want so much to ask him about something which always puzzles me whenever I think of it."

"Speak of an angel and you see his wings," saith the proverb. Thomas, at that instant, opened the door, and ushered in the very individual in question. He came forward with his usual graceful salaam, and, after raising Mrs Nichol's hand to his lips and forehead, was seized on by Percy, who begged an answer to a very puzzling question.

"Do tell me," he said, "why the inhabitants of

Egypt are always called *Arabs* instead of Egyptians. I never hear any one talking of Egyptians; it is always 'those clever Arabs,' or 'those lazy Arabs,' that every one speaks of. Now, why is this? We are not in Arabia, Mr Haradin?"

"No, Percy, we are not in Arabia, that is true; but ever since Egypt was conquered by the Arabs in the seventh century, the mixed inhabitants have received the name, just as they have adopted the language of their conquerors."

"But do none of the ancient inhabitants exist?"

"Oh, yes! all those fellows you see with black turbans."

"The Copts, you mean," interrupted the boy.

"Yes; those Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and have, on account of their professing the Christian religion, never amalgamated or intermarried with the Arab race, except, indeed, such of them as have first embraced the Moslem faith."

"I never heard of the Arab invasion," said Percy; "I wish you would be so kind as to tell me something about it."

"I suspect you are not aware of the task you are imposing on Mr Haradin, in making such a request," said Kate; "it is a long story."

“ But I have an hour at our young friend’s disposal, Miss Tyrrwhitt, and am glad to impart any information I can. You must know, then,” he continued, turning to Percy, “ that when the death of the celebrated Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, occurred (and with her ended the Grecian empire in Egypt), this country became a province of the Roman empire, and continued subject to the Emperors of Rome or Constantinople till about the year 640, when the Arabs invaded Egypt, and conquered it under Amru Ebn-al-as, one of the generals of the Caliph Omar. Ever since that time, it has continued subject to Moslem rulers, whether Arabs, Turks, Kurds, or Circassians. For about two centuries the Arab caliphs governed it by viceroys of their own appointing ; but in course of time the power of those caliphs declined, and the viceroys, taking advantage of this, began to throw off their allegiance, and to aspire to independence. In the year 889, the viceroy, Ahmed Ebn Tolun, rebelled against the Caliph of Bagdad, and set up an independent government ; and for upwards of twenty years the caliphs were deprived of one of the finest provinces of their empire. After this, Egypt was reconquered by Mohammed Ibn-Suleyman, and the authority of the caliphs re-established ; but when,

some years afterwards, the great Arabian empire began to be dismembered on every side, Egypt came under the sway of a Turkish ruler. Its next master was a caliph of the race of Fatimeh, from Barbary ; and it was during the reign of the fourth of these princes that Cairo was founded, and became the royal residence."

"What does the title of caliph mean?" asked Kate, who, as well as Percy, was glad to obtain some further knowledge of Egyptian history."

"Caliph, or, as it is sometimes written, Khaleefeh," replied Haradin, "signifies the legitimate successor of the Prophet, and the caliph is therefore the head of the Moslem religion. This dynasty lasted till the year 1171, and was succeeded by a Kurd family, the first of whom was the renowned Saladin."

"Do you mean the Saladin who fought against the Crusaders?" said Percy.

"The same. He had been sent to assist El-Adid, the last of the Fawatim, against the Crusaders, who had laid siege to Cairo. In course of time he was appointed prime minister, or vizier, as we call it, and on the death of the prince he caused himself to be proclaimed Sultan of Egypt."

"And did he not take the title of caliph?" asked Kate.

"Oh, no, Miss Tyrrwhitt; he was not a descendant of the Prophet, so he dared not take the title, but continued to acknowledge the Caliph of Bagdad as the head of the religion. Saladin afterwards added Syria to his dominions, and from this resulted those frequent conflicts with the Crusaders which have spread his fame over Europe."

"How long did his dynasty last?" said Kate.

"Upwards of eighty years, and was succeeded by the Turkoman Memlook sultans."

"*Memlook* sultans," said Percy; "who were they?"

"The word *Memlook*," replied Haradin, "signifies 'a white slave.' About a thousand of these *Memlooks* had been purchased by one of the sultans, and resided in his palace on the island of Rodah. They were trained carefully as soldiers, and soon became a very formidable body. One of the sultans married a woman of the *Memlook* race, and, after his death, she caused herself to be proclaimed Queen of Egypt."

"What was her name?" asked Percy.

"Rather a curious one in European ears, Percy; it was *Sheger-ed-Durr*."

"I don't think I shall remember that long," replied the boy; "but pray, Mr Haradin, can you tell me

why the Egyptians allowed these slaves to become so powerful?"

"The native Egyptians," said Haradin, "had become so cowardly and effeminate, that they were unfit for arms, and therefore fell an easy prey to men who had been thoroughly trained in all military exercises. The Memlooks, having thus got possession of the government, introduced a great degree of barbarism. Valuing nothing themselves, save the art of war, every species of learning soon decayed in Egypt. Their empire, however, was not of long duration, for the Borgites, Circassian slaves, whom they themselves bought, and trained up as soldiers, rose upon their masters, and seized the reins of government about the year 1382.

"The Borgites assumed the name of Memlooks, and were a very valorous and warlike race. Their dominion lasted till the year 1517, when Egypt was invaded by the Turkish sultan, Selim, and, notwithstanding the bravery the Borgites manifested, they were entirely defeated. Cairo was taken, and multitudes of its inhabitants slaughtered. The sultan was forced to fly, but, being discovered, was put to death, and a general massacre of the Memlooks ensued."

"Egypt is still subject to the Turks, is it not, sir?" said Percy.

"Yes; it is a dependency of the Porte, and is governed by a viceroy, or pasha, as he is generally called."

"I am much obliged to you for your account, Mr Haradin," said Percy, "and am glad that I now understand why the people of this country are called Arabs; but are all who are not Arabs, Copts?"

"There is a very mixed population in Egypt," replied Haradin; "there are about 1,750,000 Moslem Egyptians, 150,000 Copts, 10,000 Turks, 5000 Syrians, 5000 Greeks, 5000 Jews, and 2000 Armenians. Besides these, there are about 70,000 Nubians, Western Arabs, Negro slaves, Memlooks, Franks, &c.; but from the fact of the mass of the inhabitants speaking the Arabic language, the word Arab is often used to designate them all indiscriminately."

"In what state is learning in Cairo?" asked Kate, when Percy had ended all his questions.

"I cannot say it is so flourishing at the present time," replied Haradin, "as it was before the French invasion. The troubles that arose after that were not favourable to the quiet cultivation of letters; still we have a very comprehensive, if not a very

varied literature. We have works on theology, jurisprudence, rhetoric, geography, &c., and a great number of poems ; but our scientific works are comparatively few."

"Where do the young men of Cairo study?" said Mrs Nichol.

"In the great mosque of El-Az'har—such of them, at least, as intend to devote themselves to the learned professions. The El-Az'har is considered as the principal university of the East ; for whatever branch of literature or science is thought worthy of being studied is taught within its walls. It contains different apartments, destined for the use of nations of a particular country, or of a particular province of Egypt, and the instruction is all given gratis."

"Then I suppose," continued Mrs Nichol, "that the students are chiefly of the poorer classes?"

"Yes, they are mostly so ; and some of them even receive a daily allowance of food, the funds for which are derived from the rents of houses bequeathed for their maintenance."

"And what do they learn at college?" said Percy.

"They learn most of the branches which are taught in your country, Percy, such as theology, logic, grammar, jurisprudence, and a great many more, that would

only puzzle your little brain to hear enumerated. They are taught, moreover, the exposition of the Koran, and the traditions of the prophets. There are several libraries belonging to the mosque, for the use of the students ; and the professors deliver lectures, but they receive no salary for so doing."

"Then how do they subsist?" asked Kate. "Are they men of independent property?"

"Oh no, but they teach in private houses, and copy books, and they not unfrequently receive presents from the wealthy."

"I wish you would bring me a little Arab poem some day, Mr Haradin ; I should like to know what sort of poetry is written in Egypt."

Haradin promised, and soon after brought Miss Tyrrwhitt a translation of a plaintive Caseeda, or sonnet, which Kate turned into the following verses :—

The season of soft verdure, lovely spring,
Has come with flowers, and all are glad but me;
For grief, that angel with the dusky wing,
Hath lighted down upon my life's fair tree;
And see, at his sad touch, it blossoms o'er,
And brings forth bitter fruit from sorrow's store.

My loved one is no more, and my lone heart
Dissolves in tears and melts with woe;

I who, when mourners did their griefs impart,
Would sternly chide because their tears did flow.
Now, my own spirit tastes the bitter cup,
Refuses comfort, and will not look up.

Once on the bosom of the deep my bark
Did gently glide—no storm or cloud seem'd nigh;
But sudden rose the mighty wind, and hark!
That crashing is the tempest's angry cry:
Then was I cast upon a certain isle,
Where, wearied, I reposed a little while.

I lifted up mine eyes, and there did see
A branch stripp'd of its young leaves, and dry,
Whereon did rest a little bird, and he,
Forlorn and sad, was heaving many a sigh:
"O bird," I cried, "why dost thou thus lament?
With what sad anguish is thy bosom rent?"

"I once," replied the bird, "was rich in bliss,
A tender mate soft nestled at my side;
How truly did we love! how fondly kiss!
We thought our heaven ever would abide:
But one sad day a fowler, hard of heart,
Destroy'd my loved one—it was death to part!"

"I know thy sorrow, little bird," I said;
"But prithee tell me why that branch is bare,
And stripp'd of verdure ere the spring has fled,
As though some heart-grief had been busy there:
Has it, too, suffer'd from that woe so dread?"
"Listen," replied the bird, and bent his head.

"Ah, yes!" exclaim'd the branch, "my grief's the same
As his, whose melancholy tale you know :
I too was happy, though unknown to fame,
A fair and tender branch did by me grow,
Our twining leaves by gentle zephyrs fann'd,—
Sweet was our union, form'd by love's own hand.

"Ours was a lot too full of joy to last :
One day—ah, wherefore dawn'd that day !—
An envious woodsman, with his axe, came past,
And, sudden, cut my kindred branch away.
I shed my sprouting leaves, and long'd to die,
For sore bereft and desolate was I."

When this I heard, my heavy-laden heart
Unto its sovereign Lord did earnest cry—
"Thy strength, I pray Thee, Mighty One, impart;
Help me, O Lord, to conquer, not to die :
Since birds and trees like sorrow share,
Help me with fortitude my lot to bear."

Note by Mr Haradin.—The Moslems censure too much love of the creature, as a sort of idolatry; and the Caseeda points to God as our refuge in times of afflicting bereavement.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COPTS.

"You ask me," said Kate, in writing one day to her sole relative, "to give you some account of the Copts, those representatives of the ancient Egyptian Church. I hasten to gratify your wish—premising, however, that a residence of little more than two months in Egypt has afforded but scant opportunity of becoming acquainted with the history and character of that interesting people.

"‘Copt,’ says an Arab tradition, ‘was a son of Mizriam—the second son of Ham—who built Egypt, and gave his name to the whole country.’ Those who reject tradition suppose the Copts to have derived their name from Coptos, once a great city in Upper Egypt. They boast of being the only descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and of having preserved their blood intact in their veins. That they are the

descendants of the ancient Egyptians is undoubtedly true ; and the fact of their religion proving a barrier to intermarriage with Mohammedans, would lend an appearance of truth to the latter part of their assertion ; but history tells us that numbers of them have at various times embraced the Mohammedan faith, and contracted marriage with Arabs, Nubians, and Greeks.

“ In outward appearance, they differ but little from the Arab population ; however, those who have studied the figures of the ancient Egyptians which are found on many of their monuments, think they can trace in the Copts a resemblance to the old possessors of the soil. To less educated eyes, they are recognised by the black or dark-blue turban which they wear—which turban was imposed upon them as early as the tenth century by a tyrannical caliph. White being *his* colour, he thought the most effectual way of degrading the Copts was by compelling them to wear its opposite. He made them, moreover, wear a very heavy wooden cross round their necks. The poor caliph did not know how unsuitable the *weight* made this emblem of a Christian’s faith ; for, to the soul which loves the Saviour, the cross is not weighty. ‘ My yoke is easy, and my burden is light,’ is the

testimony of Jesus ; and every true Christian joyfully confirms the truth of the assertion.

“ The gospel of Christ was very early preached in Alexandria, where there were numbers of Jews ; and from thence it spread to Upper Egypt ; and, towards the end of the second century, it had taken such root in the hearts of many, as to cause them joyfully to undergo the storms of persecution and martyrdom which soon assailed them. In the course of the third century, a school of catechists was founded at Alexandria, which greatly contributed to the propagation of Christianity. . Clement and Origen were among its most celebrated doctors. The New Testament was translated into the Coptic tongue, and put into the hands of the people, which was the means of causing still further the spread of the gospel. At the beginning of the fourth century, there were so many Christians in Egypt, that, according to the testimony of Eusebius, one hundred and forty thousand were put to death at the time of the persecution under the Emperor Diocletian, while a still greater number were imprisoned, exiled, or reduced to slavery. It was in Egypt where monks or hermits were first seen. A Christian, of Roman origin, named Antony, is said to have been the first who adopted this man-

ner of life. It is related that, one day, on hearing those words of the Saviour, ' Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor,' he thought it his duty to obey the precept literally ; so he distributed his goods among the poor, and then retired to a desert place, where he passed his time in meditation and prayer. He lived to the age of one hundred and five, and died in the year 356. After his death, many imitated his example ; and in the following century numbers of these monks formed themselves into communities, and, living under the same roof, devoted themselves to the exercises of piety, and to some manual labours. Such, it seems, was the origin of convents and other monastic institutions, which soon multiplied in an extraordinary manner in almost every country, but chiefly in Egypt and Syria ; but it was not till the sixth century that monks bound themselves by perpetual vows. The monasteries of those early days were very different from the corrupt establishments which they now too often are ; for the monks devoted themselves to the education of the young, the preparing of ministers of the gospel, and the transcribing and dissemination of the Holy Scriptures.

“ The many ruins still existing of convents and monasteries which are scattered over the country

shew how numerous the Copts once were. It is reckoned that there were upwards of three hundred of these establishments ; I doubt if there be as many as forty now. There are five convents at Cairo, and one at Alexandria, which latter pretends that it has in its possession the head and body of Saint Mark, (Mark, they say, was the first who preached the gospel in Egypt ;) but as Venice declares that it is *she* who possesses the dead saint, we leave it to themselves to determine which has the better claim. In the Romish Church this dispute would present no great difficulty—for more than one saint has the honour of having his head preserved in at least half-a-dozen portions of the globe. The Coptic population amounts, I believe, to one hundred and fifty thousand, twenty thousand of whom reside in Cairo.

“In many parts of Upper Egypt there are villages whose entire population is Coptic ; but in the Lybian desert, where thousands of Christians were once to be found, there are now not more than five or six convents, and but few Copt inhabitants. The most important monastery is that of St Anthony, in the desert, about eighteen miles from the Red Sea ; and it is from among its fathers that the patriarch is elected. The government of the Coptic Church is

episcopal, and the patriarch is its head. They have also bishops, priests, and monks. Whatever amount of light and piety this church may have had in olden days, they have, I fear, but little now. They are in a sadly degenerate state, and their convents and monasteries are the abodes of ignorance and superstition, while the pure gospel is not proclaimed in their churches.

“One great hindrance to their spiritual progress seems to me to consist in their continuing to employ so largely, in their religious services, the Coptic tongue, which has become quite a dead language, and which few, among either priests or people, understand. Soon after the invasion of Egypt by the Arabs, the Coptic language began to be disused, and the Arabic was substituted for it, and has continued ever since to be the language of the Copts. As I have already told you, a translation of the Scriptures into the Coptic was early made; and from this the officiating priest reads in their churches portions of the Gospel and Epistles, and then explains their meaning in Arabic. But as there are now Arabic Testaments in abundance, it is a pity that they continue the practice of reading God’s Word in an unknown tongue.

“The patriarch is not allowed to marry, neither are the priests, *after* entering into orders, although no objection is made to their having been married before doing so. Formerly, a priest's training was a miserable affair; he received no theological instruction, but was taken, when a boy, into the service of a priest, to arrange his books, prepare his garments, and, by waiting upon him during worship, learn all the routine of days and services. Occasionally he was taught to read Coptic, but not to understand it.

“The priests also receive such a mere pittance for their support, as obliges them to go out as beggars. The consequence of this is, that no man with a respectable trade will willingly quit it to become a priest. A clerical friend, who called here the other day, told me, that formerly when the patriarch happened to hear of a man who was considered good, (*alias* honest,) he would send a messenger to tell him that he was wanted. The messenger found him sitting at his work—that of a tailor, we shall say—and delivered his message. Now, the tailor perfectly understood this to mean that he was, *nolens volens*, to be made a priest of, and he therefore feigned humility, and exclaimed—‘No, I cannot go; I am not fit for the office.’

“ ‘But you must,’ was the reply. The man continues to decline, till he is dragged (perhaps beaten) before the patriarch, who causes him to be shut up in the church for two or three weeks, till he can repeat by heart their service and liturgy (in the Coptic tongue, you will observe, of which language the poor tailor knows not one syllable;) and when his lesson is learned, he is made a priest, and sent forth to beg.

“ My friend further told me of a priest, who, on going to visit a poor woman, found her at the wash-tub, with a piece of soap lying beside her. He instantly seized on the soap, and pocketed it. The woman remonstrated, saying, it was all she had with which to wash her husband's shirts, and that, if on his return he found them unwashed, he would beat her. The priest replied, that he was very sorry, but he needed the article in question himself; and so quietly carried it off. What a state must that church be in which places its teachers in a position to lead to such consequences! Things are now, however, beginning to look brighter. Mr Lieder and his wife, and two American missionaries, are labouring diligently among the Copts; and when the claims of the mission shall become better known, more labourers will, we trust, be sent forth to work for Christ among

those who once knew and loved His name. The present patriarch, also, is an enlightened man, and is doing all in his power to raise the standard of education among his people. He has begun a large school, which numbers already three hundred pupils. They are taught Coptic, Arabic, Turkish, French, Italian, and English. His idea is to make of this seminary a sort of high school, which shall in due time be elevated into a university, capable of sending forth an educated ministry. Mrs Lieder's school numbers one hundred and twenty girls, and those of the American missionaries are also pretty well attended.

"The Copts are an intelligent race ; more so, I should think, than the Arabs, if we may judge from the fact of their being almost universally chosen as the scribes of the country. The posts of secretaries, &c., are also filled by them. They have for centuries suffered terribly at the hands of their conquerors, and are even at the present day looked down upon by the Mohammedans, whom they in return cordially detest. Their condition was, however, a little ameliorated under the sway of the late Mehemet Ali, and they enjoy, what to them is an unspeakable favour, exemption from military service. Not that this exemption was intended as a favour—it is merely because

they are not thought worthy the honour of bearing arms ; still, they feel it to be a great privilege, and are indeed not a little envied on that account by the less fortunate Arabs.

“ I have not been to any of their churches, but am told that there is little solemnity in their worship. They have pictures, but no images are allowed. The women sit apart from the men—a wooden lattice entirely concealing them from view. Coptic women are, like their Arab sisters, veiled. They are very ignorant—what little instruction there is being given to boys. Many of the Copts circumcise their sons, not, they say, as a religious, but as a civil rite ; but the more ignorant amongst them attach, I fear, much religious importance to this rite. For a much fuller account of the Copts than I am able to give, I refer you to Mr Lane’s admirable work on ‘ Modern Egypt.’

“ On our return I shall present you with an inkhorn, such as the Coptic scribes wear at their girdles—in all probability, the same as those mentioned in Ezekiel. It is made of brass, and contains an inkholder and a place for reeds. The Arab name for it is dawa’yeh.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

ONE morning, on awakening, Kate felt a disagreeable dryness in her throat, and a sensation as if she had swallowed dust or pepper. Her nostrils, too, felt dusty, and so did her eyes; and on taking up her spectacles which lay beside her, she found them covered over with a fine whitish dust, or sand: the atmosphere of the room also was close and oppressive. Wondering what could be the matter, she was about to rise, when Jessie suddenly rushed into the room, with a look of terror and dismay, exclaiming as she entered—"Oh, Miss Tyrrwhitt, only think—the kampsie has come!"

"The *kampsie*!" said Kate, in astonishment; "what is that Jessie?"

"I don't know, indeed, miss; but I think it must be one of those hawful jennies that Nouredin tells

us about in the evenings—jennies, miss, that carry off beautiful princesses through the hair.”

“I did not know you were so silly, Jessie,” replied Kate, laughing; “genii don’t exist; they are only fanciful creatures, like our ghosts and brownies. You don’t mean to say that you believe in ghosts?”

“Not believe in ghosts, miss! Indeed I wish I didn’t, but I can’t help it; for, down in the village my father comes from, there is a ghost which walks about every night, just when the clock strikes twelve; and then, miss, Thomas’s grandmother saw”——

“Well, Jessie, never mind what Thomas’s grandmother saw; but come here and remove the dust from this table, for it is quite coated with it.”

“Please, miss, that’s just what I was going to tell you about; it’s the wicked kampsie who has brought it: and Nouredin says we are all to be killed, now he has come. Look, miss;” and Jessie took up a card, and began literally to shovel off Kate’s trunk a quantity of dust which lay on it to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Every object in the room was equally covered; and Kate, on examining it, found it to be mixed with a fine white sand. An idea now struck her that all this discomfort must be caused by

the Khum'a'see'n—a hot southerly wind which often prevails in Egypt, and which is exceedingly oppressive. This accounted, too, for Jessie's strange account of the "kampsie," for it lay not within the scope of that worthy girl's powers to pronounce a foreign word correctly; and Kate knew that their Arab cook was in the habit of working upon her superstitious fears, and delighted in getting her to believe the marvels with which the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" are so replete.

"Thomas says he does not believe that the kampsie will kill us, miss," continued Jessie; "he says it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; but any way, I don't know what missus will say when she finds her beautiful clean collars covered with this mess;" and, with a countenance expressive of extreme disgust, Jessie retreated, carrying with her a large quantity of the obnoxious dust—the work of a truly spiteful jenny.

On consulting Mr Gordon, Kate found that this was the simoom, not the Khum'a'see'n, which latter does not begin to blow till the month of April, and they were now only in March. The simoom did not last long, however; but during its continuance every member of the household felt peculiarly irritable, and

disposed to take offence at his neighbour, without rhyme or reason ; so that it was a real relief when the gray sky (which is one of its accompaniments) cleared away, and the bright sun shone forth again, while soft zephyrs fanned their burning cheeks, and breathed over their ruffled tempers, causing the lost harmony to come back anew.

A day for going to Heliopolis, and another for an excursion by railway to Suez, were now fixed, and looked forward to with glad anticipation ; but ere their dawn poor Miss Tyrrwhitt was seized with dangerous illness ; and for some weeks, the busy outward circumstances, the gay scenes of oriental life, the bright visions of unseen places of interest, were all a blank to her. But within the sick-room, tender care, loving sympathy, and cheering Christian fellowship were hers ; and though at times a feeling of deep regret sprang up in her mind when she thought of the brief sojourn in Egypt, and the many days out of that sojourn lost for all purposes of gaining an insight into Eastern life and manners, or of research into the records of the mighty past, there were yet seasons when she was constrained to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted ;" and times, when she felt disposed to agree with the good man, who said

"I know of no greater blessing than health, except it be sickness."

When Jessie began to feel somewhat worn out with her attendance on the invalid, a sick nurse was talked of; but that is by no means an easy thing to be had in Egypt, as the Mohammedans are averse to letting their wives or daughters enter a house where they may chance to see one of the male sex. A Coptic woman was, at length, found willing to undertake the duty; and one evening she entered Miss Tyrwhitt's room, unannounced—a little black figure, completely enveloped in a large hubbrah, and holding a chibouk about six feet long in her hand. She came noiselessly forward to the bed, made a salaam, and then, to Kate's dismay, proceeded to arrange her pipe preparatory to having a good smoke.

"Mrs Nichol!" exclaimed the invalid, "*do* take instantaneous possession of that pipe; I believe the woman is actually going to smoke in this room!"

Jessie, who was present, laid violent hands on the chibouk, and bore it off in triumph, leaving the nurse to finish at leisure a long Arabic sentence she had begun on seeing the looks with which her beloved pipe was regarded. No one understood her, however, and she understood no one; so Nouredin

was sent for, to tell her that chibouks were prohibited articles in the bedroom of a lady with a cough. To do nurse justice, she relinquished her accustomed "comfort" with a very good grace; and as soon as Mrs Nichol had said good-night and left the room, she took a cushion from the sofa, placed it on the middle of the floor opposite Kate's bed, and, rolling herself up into a little round ball, was speedily sound asleep, leaving Kate to watch her slumbers, and see that nothing occurred to disturb her repose.

The next attempt was a good-humoured German, who acted the part of nurse with more satisfaction to all parties, as she slept less than her Coptic sister, and Kate, at least, could understand her language.

The trial over, and the sickness removed, how sweet it was to be allowed to sit once more in the balcony and view the motley groups, denizens of almost every nation, passing below! Kate rejoiced to gaze once more into the blue depths of that magnificent Egyptian sky, to watch the waving palm-trees, and the graceful form of the minaret, so clearly defined against the azure of the heavens. Truly, she felt that life was sweet, and that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun. God's presence, which had cheered and sustained her in sick-

ness, now invested everything around with a tenfold brightness and beauty. "He hath put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness," was the language of her heart, and she poured forth its feelings in the following little hymn :—

"My soul finds rest in Jesus ;
I see His work is done ;
The Father hath declared Himself
Well pleased in His Son.

"I cast my care on Jesus,
For who so kind as He ?
No mother's heart has half the love
That Jesus bears to me.

"I'll try to live like Jesus,
And do His Father's will ;
Where'er He goes, I'll follow Him,
And He will keep me still.

"I'll bring my friends to Jesus,
And bid them look and live ;
I'll tell how free His mercy is,
How gladly He'll forgive.

"I'll sing the praise of Jesus :
'It is a pleasant thing,'
With grateful heart, to celebrate
The glories of our King.

"I yield my all to Jesus,
And am supremely blest ;
Yes ! in the bosom of His love
Is my eternal rest."

When Kate was convalescent, the rest of the party went for a day or two to Suez, and, in returning, paid a visit to Heliopolis.

"What did you see at Heliopolis?" said Kate to Percy, when they were once more seated side by side on the sofa.

"Nothing at all but an old pillar," replied Percy, who had evidently been disappointed.

"An old pillar, you little Goth ! Is that the way in which you talk of the celebrated obelisk of Osirtasen?"

"Well, Miss Tyrrwhitt, ask aunt if it was anything else but just an old dusty pillar. There is nothing whatever to be seen at Heliopolis that is worth the going for."

"But the drive to it is exceedingly pretty," said Mrs Nichol, "through groves of beautiful trees, with here and there some blocks of stone, which are supposed to have been capitals of columns."

"Papa says," continued Percy, "that Heliopolis means the city of the sun, and that the Egyptian

name was Ei-Re, the house of the sun. I kept that hard name in mind for your special benefit, Miss Tyrrwhitt, so you need not call me a little Goth !”

“I am much obliged to you,” said Kate, laughing ; “and, as a reward, I shall tell you that the Jews called it Bethshemes, which means the same thing. In the Bible and in Coptic, Heliopolis is called On. It was the daughter of the priest or prince of On whom Joseph married.”

“Yes, I know that, for papa told me all about the place while we were there. He read Strabo’s account of Heliopolis to us, and *he* says that there was once a splendid temple there—the Temple of the Sun—and that the approach to it was by an avenue of sphynxes. It must have been very beautiful. But only think how old the obelisk must be, for the temple was built 1740 years before the birth of Christ ! I don’t wonder that nothing of it remains but this old pillar.”

“It was once a very celebrated town,” said Kate, “and used to be resorted to for the study of philosophy and astronomy. Strabo tells us that the great philosopher Plato lived there thirteen years under the tuition of the priests. In later times, it was

superseded by the schools of Alexandria, and soon ceased to be the abode of learning."

"While my brother read to us," said Mrs Nichol, "we sat under the shade of the sycamore-tree where Joseph and the Virgin Mary are said to have reposed."

"And there was once a fountain near it," said Percy—"the Fountain of the Sun—whose waters were salt till their arrival, when they converted it into a sweet source. I think a Roman Catholic must have invented that."

"Yes; it is very like a Popish legend," said Kate. "Have you nothing more to tell me about Heliopolis, Percy?"

"Nothing whatever. I enjoyed Suez far more; and see what a collection of shells I have brought you from the Red Sea!"—and Percy, opening a large handkerchief, poured its marine treasures at Kate's feet.

She admired the shells, and felt grateful for having been remembered; but of Suez, Percy's account was even more meagre than that of Heliopolis. All he could tell her was, that the town was little and ugly, but the walks out into the desert most delightful, and, to his boy's mind, all the more charming that the

Arabs had told him of a hyena or a leopard (he was not very sure which) having been seen at a short distance from the town. He regretted, indeed, that he could not prevail on his father and aunt to go out in search of it; still, it was something to know of its being there.

Mrs Nichol spoke of the deep interest with which one views the spot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, and where God wrought such a miracle for the deliverance of His ancient people.

Kate was glad to hear the different accounts of the little trip; yet she could not help an involuntary sigh, as she thought how much greater would have been the pleasure of seeing for herself places of such historic interest.

CHAPTER XIX.

A ROYAL HAREEM.

It was now April, and the weather was becoming oppressively hot—so at least said Mrs Nichol, who longed for a little “ caller air;” while Kate, who was a perfect salamander, rejoiced in the warmth, and drew in new stores of health with every balmy breath of air. The time of departure drew near. It was sorrowful to think of so soon leaving the wondrous old land, of whose marvels and beauties our travellers had but barely caught a passing glimpse. Kate felt herself in the position of one at whose feet a rich mine had been opened, at the further end of which, amid its dark intricacies, lay scattered many a precious gem—the gold peeping out here and there from its hidden bed in most tantalising fashion—and who, when he had but just caught a sight of these half-revealed treasures, and grasped with eagerness a handful of the soil in which lay embedded a few grains

of gold-dust, suddenly finds himself snatched from the magic scene, leaving its treasures to be explored by others more favoured than himself. Yes, it was sad ; and when Haradin came to take leave of the friends, to whose pleasure, during their short stay in his fatherland, he had so largely contributed—and when the Arab servants looked woebegone, and the donkey-boys, leaning sadly on the necks of their gentle donkeys, cast wistful glances at the packages, the token of speedy departure—every one felt a measure of regret.

Mrs Nichol distributed her stores of good things among the poor Arabs, and rejoiced the heart of the German nurse by the present of a ham, which transported the poor expatriated creature into a Westphalionic vision of bliss ; while Percy spent his last piaster in largesses among his friends the donkey-boys. Kate had a final talk with a young Italian lad, to whom she had been in the habit of giving tracts ; and Jessie sighed as she looked on those “helegant turbans” for the last time. Thomas alone was glad, and went about his work of cording boxes, singing to himself (a thing unknown in his previous history), “Home, sweet home ; there is no place like home.”

"Al'lāh yesel' lim' ak!" (May God preserve you) said Haradin, who accompanied them to the station; and, amid oriental salaams and the waving of rainbow-coloured handkerchiefs, our friends left the fair city, "Cairo the Magnificent," and were whirled away along the railway towards Alexandria.

The morning after their arrival in Alexandria, Mrs Nichol found Miss Tyrrwhitt seated on the divan, sighing grievously.

"What is the matter with you, Kate?" she asked; "your visage is as long as a voyage across the Mediterranean. Has anything happened?"

"No," replied Kate; "nothing has happened, and I am sighing just because nothing more is likely to happen. Here am I on the eve of quitting Egypt without having seen a hareem! The thing which one has pictured from childhood, as containing all that is gorgeous, oriental"——

Here Kate stopped, for similes failed her at the moment.

"You may comfort yourself, then," replied Mrs Nichol, "by hearing that the brilliant picture owes all its brightness to the imagination of childhood. A hareem, now-a-days, is nothing more than an elegant Parisian saloon with Arab ladies—all pretty

much like Mr Haradin's wife—reclining, as you are now doing, on divans. Gladly would I have fulfilled my promise, however, and taken you to see the harem of the princess; but you know that the day we spent in Alexandria was a festival, and she could receive no company, and your illness prevented my taking you to one in Cairo."

"Well, I suppose I must make up my mind to leave with this wish ungratified," sighed out poor Kate; "for, as to-day is Saturday, and we set sail on Monday, it would require Aladdin's wonderful lamp to accomplish it now."

Fact is sometimes stranger than fiction; and while the two ladies were conversing, Aladdin's lamp dropped into Kate's arms, in the shape of Mrs Seaton, who came to greet her friends, and to bring from the princess—Said Pasha's wife—a pressing invitation to Mrs Nichol to spend the afternoon with her at her palace on the banks of the Mahmoodééh canal.

Kate sprang from the divan in an ecstasy of delight, all trace of weariness gone from her countenance, which now shone with pleasure, and was, as Mrs Nichol remarked, grown short as the visit of a dear friend.

Jessie was hastily summoned to take from the

trunks such adorning as beseemed a visit to royalty ; and at four o'clock they drove off, accompanied by Mrs Seaton, whose knowlege of Turkish and Arabic enabled her to act the part of interpreter, leaving Mr Gordon to regret that Eastern etiquette (or bigotry, as he termed it) prevented his being of the party. Mrs Nichol was already well acquainted with the princess, between whom and herself various little tokens of friendship had at sundry times been exchanged ; but to Kate all was new, and she lay back in the carriage indulging in bright anticipations of the scene before her.

A number of brown-visaged guards waited at the palace-gate to receive them, and point the way to an ante-room, where they were met by some female slaves, who ushered them into a large and elegant apartment. Here they found the mother of Toosain Pasha,—Said's only son,—a lovely Circassian slave, with a most expressive and intelligent countenance, and magnificent black eyes. The princess was walking in the garden, but, on hearing of the arrival of the visitors, speedily made her appearance. All present rose on her entrance, and as she advanced into the room, Kate beheld a fine-looking woman of apparently twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age,

very graceful and queen-like. Two young female slaves walked behind her, holding up her train, while seven or eight others were in various parts of the room, standing in readiness to obey her commands. She received the ladies most graciously, shaking hands very cordially with them. She then seated herself cross-legged on the centre of the divan, with Mrs Nichol on one side and Kate on the other. Mrs Seaton sat near, ready to translate for both parties.

As soon as the princess was seated, a row of slaves entered bearing chibouks and coffee. There were several French and Italian ladies present, who had called to pay their respects to her highness, but coffee and pipes were presented only to our friends, a token of the high honour the princess meant to shew them.

As a slave advanced and placed a beautiful amber-mouthed chibouk, magnificently set in diamonds, in Kate's hand, she felt a little awkward, and did not know very well what to do with it—it was about six feet long—but she watched the princess, and resolved to do exactly as she did. The way in which the chibouks were given was very amusing to watch. A slave measured with her eye a certain distance from

the ladies, and on that spot she laid down a little round brass tray; in this she placed the bowl of the chibouk, and gave the other end into the lady's hand. She then, with a pair of pincers, placed a live coal on the pipe, and, as the ladies began to puff with energy, clouds of scented smoke soon filled and perfumed the air.

Kate tried hard to smoke in the proper way, but she invariably choked; so, after many painful and abortive efforts, she finally gave up the attempt, and prepared to enjoy the novel scene in which she found herself, taking only an occasional puff from time to time, that she might not seem to undervalue the honour done her. The princess smoked three pipes and a cigar; and Kate noticed that when she wished to have her chibouk replenished, she did not speak, but simply waved her hand, and the slave who stood in waiting instantly obeyed the signal. This young girl stood at a little distance from the princess, her hands folded over her bosom, and her eyes fixed on her mistress's hand. "This is another illustration of Scripture," said Kate to herself, repeating the verse of the Psalm, "Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a

maiden unto the hand of her mistress ; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God."

Coffee was now brought, and served in beautiful little porcelain cups, in holders of gold. While they were drinking it, and Mrs Nichol, by means of her friend, conversing with the princess, Kate had time quietly to observe what was going on around. The room in which they were was very large—handsome mirrors on the walls making it appear still larger. On the floor was a Turkish carpet, and all round the room were crimson divans. At the further end was an arm-chair, of so extraordinary a size, that Kate guessed, at once, it must be the pasha's seat. Said Pasha, though still a young man—not much above thirty—is so enormously stout, that his chairs and couches are obliged to be made after quite a Brobdignag fashion. The slaves, who were dispersed about the room, were young Circassian girls, dressed in a very strange fashion. One wore a crimson jacket, with wide Turkish trousers of the same colour ; another was clad from top to toe in light green ; a third in amber colour, and so on. They had all on graceful head-dresses of fine Cashmere handkerchiefs, and little white linen collars round their throats. Several of them were very pretty—all of

them fair as Europeans. The princess, cross-legged on the divan, looked oriental enough to please even Kate's ideas of how an Egyptian princess ought to look. Her dress was of rich brocaded silk, such as our great-grandmothers wore, and which are now to be met with only in pictures of the olden time ; but it had one peculiarity, which gave the *tout-ensemble* a very novel effect,—jacket, trousers, and train, were all of the same material ; but one sleeve was green and the other pink ; the trousers had the same peculiarity, and the train itself was partly pink and partly green.

On her head she wore a delicate, crapy-looking handkerchief, looped up at the sides, and in the middle, with diamond brooches ; and on her little finger she wore five or six diamond rings. Her hands were small and lady-like, and her eyebrows, of a jetty black, met, which gave her rather a Chinese sort of expression.

The French and Italian ladies present chatted to her with great volubility ; and from the Italian words which now and then occurred, as well as from the half-dozen Arabic sentences which Kate happened to understand, she discovered that these ladies were amusing her highness with the scandal and

chit-chat of Alexandrian society. She laughed heartily, and listened with great apparent pleasure to this sort of gossip, eating and smoking forming the only interruptions to the monotony of her life. She can neither read nor write, and her education is in no way superior to that of the ignorant young Circassian slaves who wait upon her.

The French ladies soon took their departure, and seeing this, Mrs Nichol and party prepared to do the same ; but the princess begged they would remain an hour or two longer, saying she had sent off a horseman to Alexandria to bring the young pasha to the palace, to see his old friend Mrs Nichol. She then proposed an adjournment to the garden, whither the whole party accordingly went, preceded by slaves, carrying fresh coffee and pipes. The garden was not like those fabled bowers of the "Arabian Nights," where jewels hung on the trees, and birds of magic hue sang amid the branches ; nevertheless, it was very pretty, with walks bordered by flowers, and some fine trees here and there. A very high wall surrounded it on all sides, rendering its privacy perfect ; and at the end of a long walk was a pretty summer-house. The weather being warm, the party preferred sitting outside of this pavilion ; and as they

took possession of the chairs, which the slaves brought, a fat old duenna, dressed in a brown wadded jacket and trousers, made her appearance, and seated herself near, to keep, as Kate supposed, the party in order.

The evening was one of unrivalled beauty. Purple and golden clouds flitted overhead ; a soft air, laden with the perfume of the roses of the garden, came caressingly around, and a rich golden light made still brighter the gorgeous hues of the ladies' Arab dresses. Presently a sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and then a beautiful little boy came running up the garden walk, and threw himself into the arms of the princess, who smiled and fondled him as if he had been her own son. Her highness has no children, and has set her affections on this boy ; while his mother, the pretty Circassian of whom we have spoken, is treated by her as a sister. It was very pleasant to see the kindly feeling which seemed to subsist between them. "Do you remember your friend, Mrs Nichol ?" asked the princess. The boy turned his bright intelligent eyes towards Mrs Nichol, and then went up to her and cordially embraced her. He had paid her a visit, while in England, a short time before, and had preserved a pleasing recollection

of the nice stories and picture-books she had given him.

Toosain Pasha was a very pretty boy, of about six years of age. He spoke English perfectly, and was accompanied by his governess, a lady from Wales, who is his constant attendant. She made him repeat a hymn to Mrs Nichol ; but Kate noticed that neither the princess nor the mother seemed-to like it, and were evidently annoyed at his having been asked to do so ; but this hymn was merely one about God's general providential care of His creatures, and had no reference to the work of the Saviour. Indeed, as the governess afterwards told Kate, she is not allowed to teach him anything about the Lord Jesus, her only comfort in these circumstances being that, when he is able to read and judge for himself, he may, in God's providence, be led to seek the right way.

The party sat awhile enjoying the delightful evening, and then our friends took leave, and left the palace highly gratified by their visit and the kindness shewn them by the princess. Toosain's mother accompanied them to the anteroom which they had entered on their arrival ; and just as they were entering the carriage, a slave advanced, and presented Mrs Nichol with some magnificent gifts from the

princess—a jewelled pipe, delicate Cashmere handkerchiefs, and a large diamond brooch—in short, a present befitting a queen to give.

“Now, Kate,” said Mrs Nichol, as they drove off, “I hope you are satisfied with your visit to an Eastern hareem?”

“Quite,” replied Kate; “but I do wish that kind princess and those poor slaves had some higher object of interest beyond smoking and chatting about nothing. I did so long to tell them of the higher life and glorious hopes of the Christian, and which might be theirs too.”

“But, even if you had been able to speak to them, I doubt if they would have listened. They are very strict Mohammedans, and would consider it a great sin to listen to a follower of the lowly Nazarene. But the slave-girls are, I understand, being taught to read along with the young prince; so that, in course of time, books may find their way into the hareem, and introduce a new and better state of things.”

“God grant it,” said Kate, “and make us more thankful for our own blessed privileges!”

CHAPTER XX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

MERRILY sped the *Vixen* on her homeward way, and pleasant were the cogitations of our travellers as they turned their thoughts, now to the bright land they had left, and anon to the home to which they were returning.

Mr Gordon paced the deck with a firmer step, feeling grateful for the renewed health his brief sojourn in the genial clime had brought to his languid frame, and determined to recommend a trip to the fair Cairo to all friends afflicted with that dire disease of which Britain's sons and daughters are so often the victims. Percy gambolled at his side, innocent of deep thought of any kind, but rejoicing in the near prospect of meeting his friend, George Hill, and recounting to him the many wonders he had seen in his travels—lateen sails, young gazelles, and white

donkeys holding a conspicuous place of interest in his thoughts and affections.

Mrs Nichol busied herself in labours of love among the passengers, some of whom were sickly and needing her maternal care ; while Miss Tyrrwhitt sat apart, viewing, in a surreptitious manner, a small book which contained her pencil sketches of the land of the Nile. Tenderly did she gaze upon deformed Egyptian ladies, fabulous camels, obtuse angles meant to represent the Pyramids, and Rosinante specimens of Arab chargers, a variety of Utopian palm-trees and unperspective avenues filling up the backgrounds. She, too, had her thoughts about all she was quitting ; but while there was much to regret, there was *one* thing she rejoiced unfeignedly in leaving behind—for vivid in Kate's mind was the recollection of a certain moonlight night when that rat—that brown-coated, black-eyed monster—had gazed on *her*, and *she* on it till its image was stereotyped, daguerreotyped, and stereoscoped in her painfully bright imagination : yes, it *was* a relief to have done with the rats of Egypt ; and this consoled her somewhat for the too brief stay she had been permitted to make in that land of enchantment and romance.

Thomas's thoughts seldom found vent in words,

and in this he proved his wisdom, for he is a wise man who knows how to keep silence ; but a letter of his, written just before starting, and addressed to his widowed mother in Fife, having found its way into our hands, we communicate it to our readers, in the hope that it may afford them a still further insight into Oriental life and manners :—

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,—If me and my honored Master had been contented with our guid winter quarters in the east-neuk o’ Fife, we wad not have needed the sore experience of life which we have gone through since we came to this land of Pagan darkness. Not but what my honored Master is greatly the better in his health—I canna deny that ; but eh, mother, its been at a great cost of pheelsical discomfort and moral degradation ! What with the rottens and other vermin, no to speak of the dredful nature of these poor, black, misguided creatures of Arabs, its my opinion that the plagues o’ Egypt are still to the fore in this devoted land. But its ill to wauken sleeping dougs, sae I’ll een let the Arabs be, feeling thankfull that we have gotten out of their clutches (thus far) safe in life and limb. We have seen a hantle of curious things, too, in the hoos of

bondage. The Mistress took us all one morning to see two or three great biggins that they call Peera-mids, hundreds of feet high, and I wadna be contented till I had speeled up to the very top of the one they call Chops, proving the truth of the proverb, that there's nae fule like an auld fule. Another day we went to see a work of Satan—the howling Dervishes—and such an exibeetion was never witnessed before by mortal man. It was on their Sabbath-day, too, and in a big round kirk, which made it far worse. Eh, mother, if ye had only heard them skirling like mad things, and playing antics that are past my poors of discription to write, ye would have thought ye had got into Bedlam at the change of the mōon! If such a thing were to take place in Scotland, they wad have them up afore the kirk-session in no time (no to speak of the General Assembly); but the egyptian bodies seem to me to live under a dispensation like that in the book of Judges, when every man did what was right in his own eyes; for there is neither kirk-session nor constable, that *I* could see, to keep order in this depraved land. If they had the gospel and a soond goverment here, I'll no say but what things might, yiblins, mend, for its a by ordinar fine country, and is green

and fair to look upon, as the garden o' paradees ; but withoot these things its my notion that it'll never get a bit better, for ye canna mak a silk purse o' a soo's lug. And, mother—I turn red in the face when I write it—but our ain country folks, artisans, railway-workers, and such like, wha come out to egypt, drink, and do all manner o' wickedness ; and the most of them work on the sabbath Day the same as it was an ilka day, and all to please that heathen in high places, that they call the pashaw of egypt, who wants to make them to keep friday instead of the Lord's Day—a thing that's no to be tholed by ony man that calls himself a Christian.

by a kind Providence, we are to sail this very day at twelve of the Clock, and I'll put this Letter into a place they call marsels, in France (where we quit the ship that's to convöy us acros these awsome seas,) that you may get it before I come mysel' ; and now, Dear mother, I close, in the hope that this will find you, as it leaves me, in guid health and tolerable speerits. And I remain your Dutifull son to command,

“THOMAS BUIST.

“postscrip.—Jessie Perks sends you her Respecta.

She is a very pleasant respectable lass ; but that she's got scatheless out of this cuntry is mair by guid luck than guid guiding."

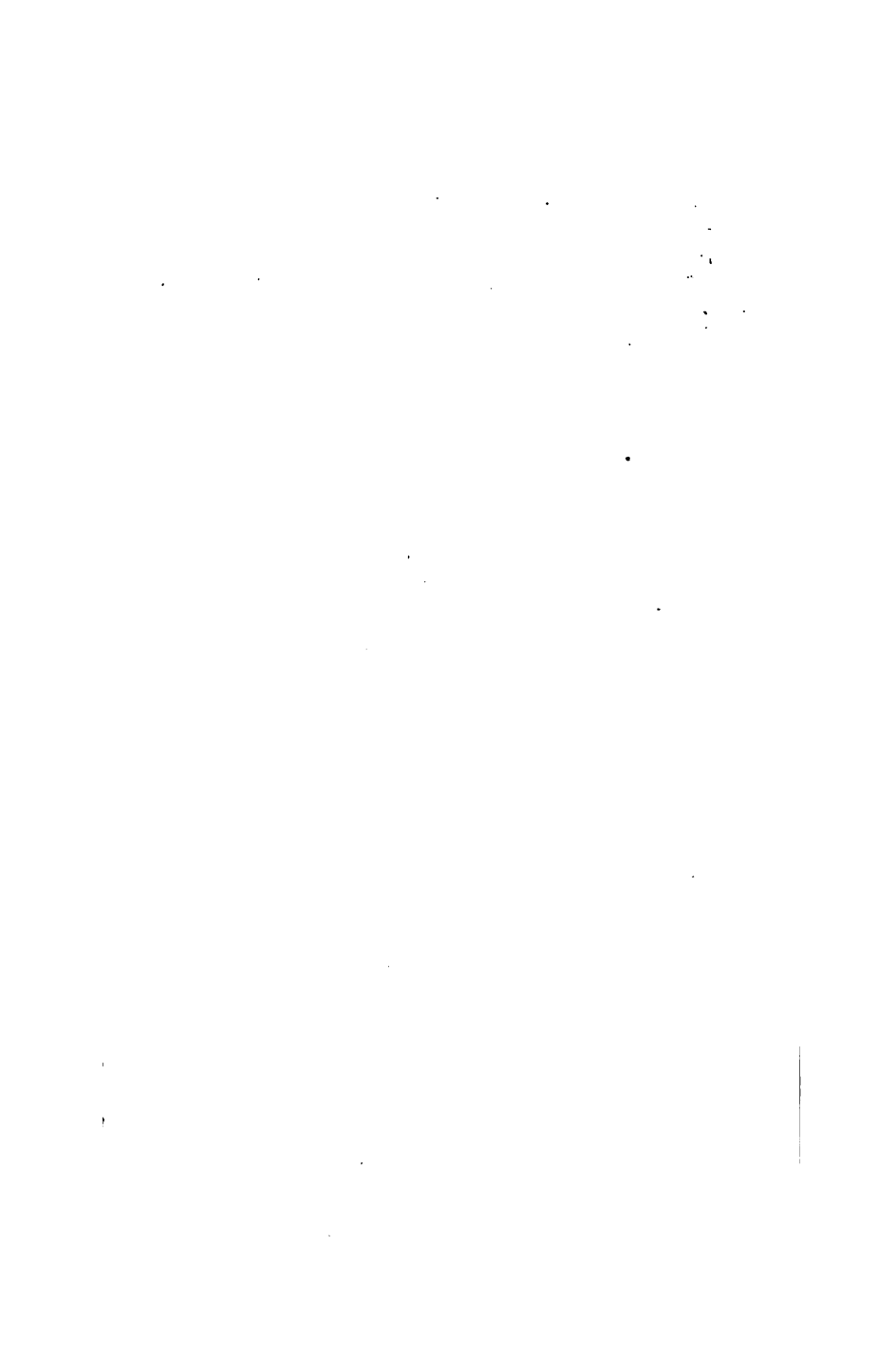
Onward the brave vessel speeds, and bright grow the hopes of many a heart as home draws near. The plan of staying a week at Malta was, owing to unforeseen circumstances, given up by our friends ; so Percy had to content himself with what information on the subject, both of the island and the knight templars, books can supply.

At length, Marseilles is reached ; and hastily traversing *la belle France*, our party have very soon the satisfaction of stepping on British ground ; and there we shall leave them, trusting that, in the course of their travels, they may have picked up something that has made them wiser and better, something that has taught them more heartfelt gratitude for their own mercies, and a deeper compassion for those who are less highly favoured than themselves.

As Kate once more trod her native soil, she felt that, if its sky were gray, and its climate cold and chill, yet warm were the hearts that beat there, and

many the privileges of her beloved land ; and inwardly she blessed and thanked her heavenly Father, who had made the lines fall to her in such pleasant places, casting her lot in a land of Bibles and of Sabbaths.

THE END.



11-11-11

